# ENGLISH STUDIES IN AFRICA

Volume 4 September, 1961 Number 2

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# SHAKESPEARE AND ITALY

A. C. PARTRIDGE

THE cosmopolitanism of the insular Englishman, his sudden hospitality to things European, is thought to have begun with Matthew Arnold's critical appreciations of Continental literature. But the great age of curious importations was the sixteenth century. Never was such a high proportion of printed books translated, or so much real and pseudo-culture assimilated from South-Western Europe, as in the English Renaissance. Its literature is the salmagundi of polyglot learning. The musical scale, mathematical symbols, the masque, and its offspring the opera, came from Italy, accompanied by an elegant calligraphy, the Italian hand, which replaced the difficult English method of writing. With Italian printed classical texts there came, from the press of Aldus Manutius in Venice, the basis also of our present system of punctuation.

Half of Shakespeare's plays owe their plots to Italian sources; yet he was not so derivative a writer as Wyatt, Spenser, Greene, Nashe or Lyly. Translations of all kinds began to appear, even before Shakespeare was born, and his was an age when plagiarism from foreign sources carried no stigma whatever. Works of science and philosophy were as freely 'Englished' as poetry and fiction. Giordano Bruno maintained that the progress of science in sixteenth century Europe would have been impossible without the aid of the translators. A similar scientific impetus arouses interest in the intellectual products of Russia at the present time.

English criticism, beginning with Sidney and Jonson and already mature in Dryden, owes its integrity, its respect for formal principles and its humanistic tendency, to Italian, as much as to earlier classical, inspiration. English scholars studied Latin, Greek and Italian, medicine and law, in the northern and ancient universities of Padua, Pavia and Bologna; the Florentine Academy of Ficino revived the Platonic ideals of flexibility of mind and readiness of discourse. Sir Thomas More admired, and became the biographer of, Pico della Mirandola; Sidney emulated Castelvetro's Aristotelianism in his *Defense of English Poesie;* Ben Jonson's meticulous scholarship took its first steps from Minturno and Scaliger; and critics of all grades were indebted to Giraldi Cinthio's *Discorsi* and to Boccaccio's

*De Genealogica Deorum.* The popular journalist Thomas Nashe claimed that he coined, using the Italian suffix *-ize*, a number of English verbs such as *civilize*. Gabriel Harvey wrote disapprovingly of Nashe's "affected Tuscanism"; but his style now sounds comical rather than elegant.

Shakespeare seems to have known less Italian than Nashe or Thomas Kyd, the only university wits whose use of this language was precise and scholarly. He was not steeped in Italian culture as were Wyatt, Sidney or Donne, all of whom made the Grand Tour to the seats of Italian learning. Yet he was obviously affected, in different ways, by the writing of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Castiglione, Guarini, Bandello and Cinthio. He either liked their matter, or admired their manner; some things he understood and approved in Italian philosophy. But I do not think he shared Dr Johnson's opinion that anyone who had not visited Italy always felt himself to be, in some measure, inferior. Much less might he approve the opposite view of Roger Ascham that "The Englishman Italianate is the devil incarnate." Ascham is said to have had in mind the eccentricities of dress and morals of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Shakespeare's trust in the scholar-gentleman of the Renaissance is based largely on Castiglione's *Libro de Cortegiano* (Venice, 1528), Sir Thomas Hoby's translation, *The Courtier*, having been made in 1561.

After taking his degree at St John's College, Cambridge, Hoby was sent by his father to the University of Padua to learn Italian and become a man of the world. His diary is now preserved in the British Museum. At the court of Urbino he found that the Italian nobility were distinguished for their manners, taste, wit and breeding; Castiglione had already been sent from this court to London with the Duke's present for Henry VIII of a painting of George and the Dragon by the young court painter, Raphael, perhaps the earliest of the great masters to be represented in England. Castiglione's *The Courtier* was, when Hoby arrived in Urbino, the textbook of young humanists throughout Europe. It was in Sidney's pocket when he campaigned against the Spaniards in the Low Countries. Its thoughts on Platonic love recur in Spenser's hymns of *Heavenly Love* and *Heavenly Beauty;* its conversation pieces on friendship, discourse, and the duty of a gentleman were pillaged by Sidney for the *Arcadia*, by Ascham for *The Schoolmaster* and by Sir Thomas Elyot for *The Booke of the Governour*. The advocacy of "sweetness and light" was not, however, its only merit. The

spirit of intellectual comedy is evident three centuries before Meredith's essay, and a state of culture fruitful to it is seen as a balance in the freedom of speech enjoyed by men and women in society. The delightful interplay of minds in those parts of *The Courtier* in which Lady Emilia Pia and Lord Gaspar Pallavicino figure may have given Shakespeare the idea of the wit-combats of Beatrice and Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Shakespeare mentions only one Italian artist in his plays, Giulio Romano, in Act V, Sc. 2, *The Winter's Tale*. The fact that he describes him as a sculptor, instead of a painter, suggests that he had not been to Italy, but had seen engraved reproductions after Romano, on which appeared the familiar endorsement "sculpsit". Some reproductions of Italian masters were undoubtedly available during Shakespeare's lifetime. Whether Shakespeare minutely described Italian paintings with a mythological subject, is a matter of some conjecture. Titian's *Venus and Adonis* is thought to furnish the opening of his Ovidian narrative poem (*c.* 1592), because only here, and not in classical poets, do we find Adonis rebellious to the goddess's advances. An early engraved copy of this painting is recorded, done by Cornelius Bos, who worked in Ravenna and died at Groningen in 1564. Others have seen Correggio's *Io* as one of the pictures described in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew;* but no reproduction is mentioned in F. W. H. Hollstein's exhaustive pictorial survey, *German, Dutch and Flemish Engravings, Etchings and Woodcuts* (1400-1700) until the end of the seventeenth century, the first being J. C. le Blon's of Frankfurt, who copied Raphael and Titian, as well as Correggio.

Imported tapestries were more numerous than all paintings, except portraits, in the England of Shakespeare's day, and came mainly from Germany and the Low Countries. The dramatist's genuine eye for a picture with a mythological or historical interest is more likely to have been nurtured by the themes of the tapestries than the masterpieces of Italian painting. The art critic M. C. Salaman (*The Studio*, Spring 1916) takes Professor Sir Walter Raleigh to task for writing that Shakespeare was "familiar with a whole gallery of Renaissance pictures" and points out that the dramatist's own pictorial imagination was "so independent, great and wonderful that he could suggest a picture with a few magic words," merely by the grace of allusion or illusion. He concludes with the truth that there were no artists in England in Shakespeare's lifetime who could have illustrated his plays.

The very Giulio Romano, to whom Shakespeare refers, was commissioned to paint scenes of the Fall of Troy from the *Iliad* in the Palazzo Ducale of the Gonzago family in Mantua; and these murals are thought to have suggested the dramatic incidents in the player's speech about Priam and Hecuba in *Hamlet*. Here again, much could have been gathered from Vergil's *Aeneid*. Another mural of Romano illustrates the Rape of Lucrece but there is no recorded reproduction of this in Hollstein. One was, however, available of Titian's version made by Cornelis Cort of Hoorn, who died at Rome in 1578. No one could, however, maintain that either version is the basis of Shakespeare's glowing description of Tarquin's victim.

Certainly the Palazzo Ducale, with its way of life as depicted by Mantegna and Romano under the Gonzagos, is the most Shakespearian monument in Italy. Here we have illustrated the traditional dress and setting of orthodox Shakespearian productions. Visitors are intrigued, as the Elizabethans must have been, by the miniature quarters of the five dwarfs, who were the professional spies of the Duke of Gonzago. The name 'Gonzago' brings to mind the dumb-show and action by which the Prince of Denmark catches the conscience of Claudius.

Does the meagre biographical record of Shakespeare afford any possible hint that he visited Italy? Ernesto Grillo, of Glasgow University, and other reputable scholars have thought that he did. The consensus of opinion is, however, that his knowledge of Italian is defective, and his topography of Italy inaccurate. Names such as Portia, Mercutio and Benedick are unusual in Italian spelling; but *Portia* for *Porzia*, and like adaptations, may be accounted for as anglicizations acceptable to dramatists and printers. Shakespeare's apparently curious notion in sending Valentine by ship from Verona to Milan in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is explained by Grillo as factual in the sixteenth century, when a canal is said to have linked Milan with the Po; and he also affirms that the bandit-infested wood between Bergamo and Milan in the same play actually existed in Shakespeare's time. But the canal, which I found to be still in use from Milan to Pavia, can hardly have been employed for regular passenger traffic; the route is circuitous and impracticable, especially from Verona, via the swift-flowing Adige, unless that city was linked to the Po by another canal to the Mincio.

There may be significance in the fact that Shakespeare confined his interest in Italy to the northern provinces, and writes of Venice

nd Padua with greatest attention to detail. Can he have journeyed o Venice by sea during those obscure years 1586 to 1593, and so cquired knowledge of seamanship and Mediterranean lore? The 'o valley, containing the cities of Milan, Verona, Mantua, Padua nd Venice, was the part of Italy most frequented by the English ravellers, whether they journeyed on horseback through France, r by sea to commercial Venice and learned Padua. Venetian merhants had representatives in London, and a flourishing colony of nglish students had their resident senior tutor, and even produced lays, at the University of Padua, where they studied law and nedicine, as well as the classics. Linacre and Sir John Cheke, fterwards Professors of Greek at Oxford and Cambridge, both tudied there, as did the Italian poets Tasso and Guarini. Those ll-starred college friends of Hamlet, Rosencrantz and Guildentern, are even reported to have been Danish law-students registered t the University of Padua during Shakespeare's lifetime. For the Grand Tour, the custom was to make the exotic and spectacular 'enice one's headquarters, and if one was affluent enough, to sit or a portrait, as Sidney did to Veronese in 1574.

The ex-patriate Michael Angelo Florio, a prominent personality n the Italian Protestant movement of the middle of the sixteenth entury, took refuge first in England and afterwards in Switzerland, nd deserves to be remembered as an early teacher of the Italian nguage to royal and noble persons, in the reign of Edward VI. Ie was Italian tutor to Lady Jane Grey, after whom the province f the Grisons in Switzerland is reputed to be named. When the Catholic Queen Mary came to the throne, Florio had to fly to trasbourg; he later moved to Soglio, which with the frontier own Chiavenna was a refuge for Protestants from Italy. Here ohn Florio was educated by his parents until he went to Tubingen Jniversity in Germany. This great language-teacher, humanist, ictionary-maker and translator of Montaigne's *Essays*, was well nown to Shakespeare, and has been suggested as the original of is Malvolio, as well as of Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Conrary to the general view, he was not educated in Italy, and he ould never have been far across the border. It is unlikely, therefore, that he supplied Shakespeare with more than hearsay information about the topography of Italian towns.

John Florio, who was born in London in 1553, returned to his ative England early in the seventies, unable to speak English; yet e published his *First Fruites* in that language in 1578. This con-

sisted of forty-four graded, topical dialogues, with appended grammatical notes, intended as a manual for educated young learners of Italian. The dialogues were in parallel columns, one for the the English, the other for the Italian, version. The fifteenth dialogue contains an account of England, with some exasperating criticism of English manners, especially unfortunate behaviour to foreigners. In the thirty-first dialogue appears the sentence "it were labour lost to speake of Love," which is significant for Shakespeare's title. Certainly, Shakespeare took from Florio's *First Fruites* the Italian proverb which translated reads: "Venice, who seeth thee not, praises thee not; but who seeth thee, it costeth him well."

Florio's translation of Montaigne provided Shakespeare with some philosophical reflections for *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*. He describes the nineties of the sixteenth century as "this stirring and pregnant time of invention." His own direct methods of teaching languages were modern, and opposed to the old rhetorical and grammatical routines of the universities in teaching classical languages. That Florio had a considerable reputation as a scholar is witnessed by the respect Ben Jonson showed for his learning and researches. But his opinion of Elizabethan drama, set down in *First Fruites*, is in accordance with Italian prejudice, indicating a negligible return-traffic of ideas to Italy. He described English plays as "gross absurdities . . . neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns . . . with neither decency nor discretion."

The comic tradition in Italy in the sixteenth century was cast in the mould of the theatrical form called *Commedia dell'Arte*, consisting of professional popular plays with masked characters, a simple plot and a limited licence for improvization. The stereotyped figures of the Zaney (or plotting servant), the Pantaloon (or silly old man), the Doctor (or pedantic lawyer from Padua University) and the Captain (or braggart soldier of fortune) are familiar in Italian opera. Only the lovers were exampted from wearing masks or the simulations of masks in the form of make-up; they were also allowed individual traits. The 'humours', or stock figures of fun had to be immediately recognizable, and were capable of no character development worthy of mention. Within the framework professional comedians were permitted to elaborate and improve and Will Kempe, who acted in Italy as well as in Shakespeare's company before 1600, was a scion of this stock. English Shakes

eare, however, did not approve; in Hamlet's advice to the players, ıe dramatist describes it as "a pitifull ambition in the fool that seth it."

Many comic scenes and interludes in Shakespeare's plays have family likeness to *Commedia dell'Arte*, for instance the satirical uppetry of *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which Moth, Holofernes and rmado represent respectively the pert scheming servant, the pedant ıd the swaggering captain. Moth's jests about 'remuneration' re a relic of Greek and Latin comedy, in which the slave-messenger ho brought good tidings always expected a reward. Is this why ipping' is in the tradition of the Mediterranean world? But hakespeare outgrew these frivolities earlier than his contemporaries, nd replaced them with romantic elements in which the Italian lays were defective. As Miss K. M. Lea has shown in her book on *ommedia dell'Arte*, the comedies of Shakespeare that most resemble alian antecedents are *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Merry Wives f Windsor*, despite the characteristically English setting of the ıtter. These plays are predominantly in prose, a medium the alian comic dramatists decided was most suitable for familiar and omestic matters, even when, like T. S. Eliot to-day, they elected ) cast the language in verse form.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* set the pattern of romantic comedy, s *Julius Caesar* provided the model for Shakespeare's conception of agedy, both forms being liberated from the classical unities of me and place. It was Castelvetro, in his version of Aristotle's *oetics* (1570), not the Greek philosopher himself, who first insisted n the observance of the three unities of time, place and action. he unity of place was indispensable to Italian plays, when at the eginning of the sixteenth century they introduced painted, movable enery into their comic productions, a novelty which was not dopted by the Elizabethans. What the Elizabethans did per-etuate from the Latin tradition, however, was the soliloquy and ıe aside.

The extravagant language Proteus uses to court Julia in *The Two entlemen of Verona* is Shakespeare's satire upon, as well as his omage to, Petrarchan ideal love. Shakespeare was a master of mbivalent intention, for a similar dichotomy appears in his *Sonnets*, robably commenced not long after this romantic comedy. In the *onnets* he breaks with the Petrarchan tradition by addressing the dulatory poems to a young man. Sir Thomas Hoby's translation f Castiglione's *The Courtier* seems to have appeared shortly before

the writing of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, since much of the comedy's Platonic humanism appears to be derived from it. The comedy is not fully fledged, but a trial flight for *The Merchant of Venice*, a play that is deservedly ranked with *Romeo and Juliet* as preserving the true spirit of the Italian Renaissance.

Italian tragedy was severely classical and French in its disciplines and Shakespeare's great tragedies suffered long in Italy from the unsympathetic treatment of Voltaire, who disliked the dramatist's linguistic 'barbarisms'. Shakespeare was, in fact, late in receiving a respectable hearing in Italy; for the first recorded production of any of his plays is Ducis's adaptation of *Hamlet* at the carnival of Venice in 1774. A critic, with the unhappy name of Gritti, said of it: "it turns on a fact quite outside nature. In spite of some good qualities which distinguish it, it dazzles the vulgar . . . and disgusts every reasonable spectator." Shakespeare was subsequently freely adapted to theatrical tastes in Italy, just as he was 'improved' by eighteenth century hacks in England, including the leading actors.

The theme of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is the nearest in conception to the art of the Italian Renaissance. Italians have sought to give the story an air of historicity by preserving what purport to be the actual tomb of the heroine, the adjoining chapel in which she was married, and the homes of her parents and lover. But the probabilities are that Juliet never existed; there is irony in the fact that her home, with its picturesque courtyard and small balcony, now houses the Tourist Office of Verona !

The noble families of Capulet and Montagu, though not entirely fictitious, never waged their feud in the streets of "fair Verona", where Shakespeare laid his scene. The two families are, of course, linked by Dante in the sixth book of his *Purgatorio*, and his collocation is at the root of a misunderstanding that made feasible the Shakespearean legend. The Italian name of the Montagues is Montecchi, leading Ghibellines or aristocrats of Verona, before Dante flourished at the end of the thirteenth century. The Capelletti ("the long-haired") were Guelphs or members of a popular party of Northern Italy, operating principally in Cremona; but theirs was not a family name, nor were they, in the records of Verona, associated with the early history of that city. The real opponents of the party nick-named 'Capelletti' were the Barbarasi (the shavers), or 'imperialists'. Dante did not make the error of assigning the Capulets to Verona; nor did Shakespeare derive from the *Divine*

*medy* the idea of his story; he took it from the popular novelist ndello. But before him the legend in Dante seems to have been sread by an earlier novelist, Masuccio, who, however, laid the ne of the feud in Siena. The incurably romantic pseudo-historical journalist, Da Porto of Vicenza, of the early sixteenth ntury, eventually brought the families together in Verona, and ve to the love-story the heroic note that Bandello gracefully proved and Shakespeare immortalized. The love of *Romeo and liet* has no historical foundation, and Dr Johnson was, therefore, sh in maintaining in his introduction: "This very affecting story likewise a true one." It is rather like a Florentine cathedral, e work of many centuries, embellished in its ultimate form by e master-hand of a dramatic Brunelleschi.

The tragedy of the love of Desdemona and Othello was based the seventh tale of the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio. There is idence that Shakespeare used his source very discreetly. For ere is no trace of colour prejudice in Shakespeare's tragedy; ereas Cinthio not only supported the Venetians in disliking the oors as age-long political rivals, and in preserving the colour-bar; t he went further and pointed a moral to all young girls who uted nature by denying the temperamental divisions that accomny colour. There are more characters in Shakespeare's version the story than in Cinthio's; *Othello* is the only one of Shakesare's great tragedies that deals with what was practically conmporary history. Reading an edition of the four Italian plays sed on Venice and Verona, published in Milan in 1920, I was atified to find the following as the local editor's opinion:

> the characters are thoroughly Italian. It is marvellous, if we consider it, how Shakespeare has thrown himself into the life of Italy. Who would feel [himself] in England while reading these four Italian dramas? They are pictures glowing with the hues of the Italian sky and sea and the gemmed palaces which reflect their glory, creations beautiful as the visions of Venice that Turner painted, yet firm as earth, solid as flesh and pulsing with life and life's overmastering passion Love.

Professor Peter Alexander gave me an amusing account of an tempt he made during the last war to get *Othello* produced in prus, when he was stationed at the port of Famagusta and finding ne to hang heavily on the hands of the occupying troops he comanded. He set about casting the play and sought for a suitable

Desdemona from the young ladies of the Island, with the permissio
of the local authority. He was surprised to find that no one woul
undertake the part, the explanation being that tradition woul
brand any woman who essayed to portray Desdemona as "a lad
of easy virtue". This serves to show that not even Shakespear
could transmute a traditional legend of Mediterranean origin, thoug
he could impose his conception of the Machiavellian Richard II
on English history.

Shakespeare's plays contain many Machiavellian portrayals be
sides Iago; but the interpretation of Hamlet as a Machiavellia
hero is one with which I find myself out of sympathy. What wa
the ground for Machiavelli's popularity (or notoriety) in the Englis
Renaissance? The dramatists abound in his 'sayings', and a pla
called *Machiavelli* was quite early performed at the Rose Theatre

It is well known that *The Prince* was a minor work of a studiou
civil servant deprived of office, obsequiously courting the favours o
a new ruler, against his own avowed republican principles. Bu
the storm which arose in Europe over the daring self-interest o
its morality obscured the forthrightness and vigour of its style, t
which the work owed its appeal with intellectuals like Francis Bacon
The new doctrine of individualism appealed to thinkers hungry fo
self-fulfilment, men eager to expand their opportunities by freein
the will from the old religious restraints. But Machiavelli wa
much misunderstood by the Elizabethans; his book was a plea fo
stability and the energy of leaders, not an exhortation to licence
What Hamlet has in common with Machaivelli is only his pessi
mism; he takes a dark view of man's unregenerate state, becaus
he can see no way out of the tragedy of life, except through un
inhibited action, which his civilized soul abhors. Shakespeare, as
humanist, shared with Machiavelli only his glowing patriotism
The sentiments in his history plays, are quite as nobly expresse
by the author of *The Prince* in his last chapter.

What I see in *Hamlet*, beyond its Machiavellian pessimism an
its Borgia-like murders, for instance in the Gonzago dumb-show, i
the re-modelling, in language and thought, of a theme of barbari
origins, transmuting the cheap revenge theme into a tragedy o
Italian and English Renaissance humanism. Shakespeare's rathe
uncertain result was born of his reading of the Platonists, Ficino
Pico, Castiglione and others.

England had been fortunate in sending to Italy, as its earlies
students of humanism, theologians and scholars. Their missio

ıs to return and teach, and their principal school was Oxford niversity. The country was fortunate, too, in its early Tudor ngs, Henry VII and VIII, who were patrons of scholarship and ·orded men of learning the stable and peaceful, if still despotic, ·vernment favourable to the spread of humanistic doctrines. ɪteenth century England was, therefore, a more fertile soil for e new doctrines than declining Italy, with its warring principali-s, intrigues and unstable temperaments. Faction in Italy had duced the country to the verge of ruin, as it had threatened ıgland under the Houses of Lancaster and York. Shakespeare's litical philosophy is opposed to Machiavelli's, as his conception love is more inspiring than Petrarch's. It is one of the ano-alies of Italian literary history, as Byron and Hobhouse saw in eir notes to the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, that e vagaries of critical judgment have offered to the esteem of sterity works which the Italian authors themselves were ready disown in their maturity, the *Sonnets* of Petrarch, *The Prince* of achiavelli and *The Decameron* of Boccaccio. Their greater works, iefly because composed in the learned Latin of the Middle Ages stead of the popular and beautiful Tuscan vernacular, have been but engulfed in oblivion.

# CHESTERTON AND ST THOMAS

M. VERSFELD

I want to say a little about G.K. Chesterton's vision of reality That is, after all, the essence of the man, as it is of any man And I think that it will lead to a good deal about St Thomas.

I suppose it will be appropriate if I start with a paradox. Chesterton is like St Thomas because they are so different. Each in his time seized the Christian vision in an analogous way. They had minds connatural with it, hence each uttered it according to the make-up of his person and his circumstances. They are, in a sense, great period pieces, and it is this primarily which makes them like each other. A man is a great man in so far as he realizes the good in and through the materials provided by his situation and does not exist as an anachronism. In being of the present, a man is like God who is always his own presence, and shows himself in all acts of being here and now. It may seem strange, but it is true, that the great writers, the timeless writers, have always been the quintessence of their historical periods. No one more Greek than Plato, or medieval Italian and English than Dante and Chaucer. We can imagine them hob-nobbing in eternity because they were true to the nature of time. They are timeless, because each was himself and therefore like God, and God is the true basis of their likeness to each other. To accept oneself, and what and where one is, is to practise that humility which leads to a common view of the real.

Both St Thomas and Chesterton found their contemporary world in a confusion and both as innovators took the means which lay to hand to publicize the new ideas, St Thomas as a Paris professor Chesterton as a journalist in that modern educator of the public the press. Had Chesterton been a professor he could not have imitated St Thomas so well. He would not have been like him in taking the best means which lay to hand.

It is difficult for us to realize how great an innovator St Thomas was. He was up against the whole contemporary world. On the one hand was the mass of learned Christendom, which was stubbornly Platonic and Augustinian. On the other were the *enfants terribles* who were taking the new Aristotle from Arabic sources

d using it in a manner which threatened heresy and spiritual eakdown. To use Aristotle to defend both objective truth and e faith was to scandalize both parties. If Aquinas does not use radox in his writings, it is because it was perhaps enough that s whole life was a paradox. It was directed to serve the con-ction that the oldest could only find expression in the newest, d that the timeless must be made of the times. One may say at he was living out in the materials of his vocation the paradox the incarnation, whereby the Ancient of Days became the latest ing: a new-born babe in a crib. Chesterton, in his love of the carnation and of children, in his great devotion to Christmas, as showing a metaphysical orientation to time which gives him common vision with St Thomas, and an appreciation of the latter nich rose out of the whole of what he was and did.

We all know that G.K.C. wrote a book about St Thomas, and should like to say a few preliminary things about it. When his ends heard that he had undertaken to write it, they were in some smay. A great deal of very learned work had been done on the bject, work on top of which he could not possibly be. It did t reassure them when he dictated half the book without consulting y references. Then came the famous moment when he asked s secretary to get him some books on the subject. "What books?" e asked. "I don't know," said Chesterton. She did her best, d when the books arrived he merely flipped through them, and ctated the rest of the book. The result can best be gauged from e words of Étienne Gilson, himself perhaps the best known of ntemporary Thomist scholars:

> I consider it as being without possible comparison the best book ever written on St Thomas. Nothing short of genius can account for such an achievement. Everybody will no doubt admit that it is a 'clever' book, but the few readers who have spent twenty or thirty years in studying St Thomas Aquinas, and who, perhaps, have themselves published two or three volumes on the subject, cannot fail to perceive that the so-called 'wit' of Chesterton has put their scholarship to shame. He has guessed all that which they had tried to demonstrate, and he has said all that which they were more or less clumsily attempting to express in academic formulas. Chesterton was one of the deepest thinkers who ever existed; he was deep because he was right; and he could not help

> being right; but he could not either help being modest and charitable, so he left it to those who could understand him to know that he was right, and deep; to the others, he apologised for being right, and he made up for being deep by being witty. That is all they can see of him.

The moral of this tale is that nobody could have been so transcendently right about St Thomas with so little formal study of him if he did not have what it is the only purpose of such study to give the mind of St Thomas. Chesterton went far beyond knowing St Thomas: he lived St Thomas. I have more than once remarked that Chesterton makes me believe in reincarnation. I admit that this is flippant. It is enough to admit that it is open to anybody to reach eternity out of his own situation. What they had was a common vision, and that vision was a realist and analogical vision of the universe as created; consequently, they were analogous to one another.

The most effective barrier to the appreciation of both men is their simplicity. St Thomas appears to be hidden behind an almost impenetrable barrier of technical argument, and Chesterton behind a dazzling display of fireworks. One sympathises with the lady who, confronted with Thomas's articles on the simplicity of God put them despairingly aside, and said that, if that was the simplicity of God, she wondered what his complicatedness was like. Now the chief barrier to knowing God is precisely his simplicity. We are complicated creatures who have to know him through the complications of creatures. We filter the sun through the stained-glass of our being, and the images on Chesterton's window were singularly brilliant. Yet he was essentially a child-like man who knew how to enter into the minds of children. They tell that the confession of St Thomas on his death-bed was that of a child of five. Both were simple, translucent men, because they were integrated men, made whole by a vision of a reality which in the end is transcendently simple. The road to wisdom is to become as little children, and in giving expositions of St Thomas, as I occasionally must, I have found that it is the very simplicity of the principles underlying the philosophy of St Thomas which constitutes the chief difficulties in comprehension. As A. N. Whitehead once remarked it takes a great mind to take an interest in the obvious. But once grasp that this pencil is this pencil and not this book, once grasp that A is A, and you have the fundamental principle of Thomism

/hich is also the fundamental principle of Chestertonianism.

> The philosophy of St Thomas stands founded on the universal common conviction that eggs are eggs. The Hegelian may say that an egg is really a hen, because it is part of an endless process of Becoming; the Berkeleian may hold that poached eggs only exist as a dream exists: since it is quite as easy to call the dream the cause of the eggs as the eggs the cause of the dream; the Pragmatist may believe that we get the best out of scrambled eggs by forgetting that they ever were eggs, and only remembering the scramble. But no pupil of St Thomas needs to addle his brains in order adequately to addle his eggs . . . The Thomist stands in the broad daylight of the brotherhood of men, in their common consciousness that eggs are not hens or dreams or mere practical assumptions; but things attested by the Authority of the Senses, which is from God. . . Ens is Ens: Eggs are eggs, and it is not tenable that all eggs are found in a mare's nest.[1]

In putting things in this way Chesterton is only being true to Thomas's dictum that the image is a principle of our knowledge. :t us not despise the cosmic egg. But it has often struck me that e trouble with Chesterton is that he put things too simply for e complications of people's vanity. Was there ever a simpler ıtement of the argument from design than that in Orthodoxy: )ne elephant having a trunk was odd, but all elephants having ınks looked like a plot." Or again, if you want the essence distilled )m Aristotle's Ethics, here it is. Pointing out that we speak of a anly man but not a of a whaley whale, Chesterton goes on:

> If you wanted to dissuade a man from drinking his tenth whisky, you would slap him on the back and say, "Be a man." No one who wished to dissuade a crocodile from eating his tenth explorer would slap it on the back and say, "Be a crocodile." For we have no notion of a perfect crocodile; no allegory of a whale expelled from his whaley Eden.[2]

This says more, to me at any rate, than the statement that man is netaphysical composite of matter and form who must form stable

*it Thomas Aquinas*, ch. 6.
Controversy with Blatchford.

inclinations whereby he can actualize his definition in and through the contingencies of temporal succession. When people read the latter statement they think they are reading philosophy. It tickles their vanity: they are serious students. What proves it is that they cannot understand it. It offends their superior sense of the esoteric that the truth should be simple and clear. They dodge the great verities by calling them paradoxical.

It is, in fact, the vast Dr Johnson-like commonsense of Chesterton which brings him so close to the Angelic Doctor. Somewhere or other he says that what the Tolstoyans require is less plain living and high thinking, and more high living and plain thinking. It annoyed him that plain thinking should usually be regarded as fantastical, or not really intended in its conclusions, and perhaps that more than anything else gave him his sense of the vast social lunacies with which we are surrounded. In *The Beginning of the Quarrel* he says, "Now I am one of those who believe that the cure for centralisation is decentralisation. This has been described as a paradox." Why was it described as a paradox? Because he was arguing for well-distributed property, on the grounds that Christian morals and Christian liberty are threatened by vast accumulations in the hands of the few. Since the controllers of opinion are among the latter, they defend their interests by calling Christian sanity insane. Sanity is not sanity, A is not A, but A is B, and it pays us to say that it is a paradox to hold to the simple truth that A is A. There is, in fact, an extraordinary fidelity in Chesterton to the meaning of words. A word meant what it meant. It pointed to a thing and therefore it pointed to God. All words were refractions of the Word, and there was for him something blasphemous in the misuse of words. The essay 'On Evil Euphemisms' starts with the sentence: "Somebody has sent me a book on Companionate Marriage; so called because the people involved are not married and will very rapidly cease to be companions." Later in the essay we read

> The sensitive youth of the future will never be called upon to accept Forgery as Forgery. It will be easy enough to call it Homoeography or Script Assimilation.

I find it necessary to mention this, because I suppose that there are still those who object to Chesterton as bizarre or fantastic. I have said that he shared the realism of St Thomas, and for the realism thought, and therefore words, have to do with the nature of things. The use of words, therefore, has to follow the structure

f things, and the freshness and shocking power of good writing ıould reflect the freshness of God's creation. Chesterton uses of t Thomas words which apply very well to himself:

> As compared with many other saints, and many other philosophers, he was avid in his acceptance of Things. It was his special spiritual thesis that there really are Things, and not only the Thing; that the Many existed as well as the One.[3]

r again, he speaks about St Thomas's "broad and virile appetite r the very vastness and variety of the universe." Thought has do with things, not with words or with the images of things. is enough that things are in the image of God. Accordingly he ıted that philosophical idealism which is the opposite of realism. one of the short stories Father Brown says:

> "As a matter of fact she was something very much worse than a murdress."
>
> "And what is that?"
>
> "An egoist," said Father Brown. "She was the sort of person who had looked in the mirror before looking out of the window, and it is the worst calamity of mortal life."

ıis is Chesterton's way of translating into modern English St ıomas's dictum: *nata est convenire cum omne ente anima, quae odammodo est omnia.*

Thought and language, then, must follow the structure of things, d the structure of things is analogical. That is the key to Ches- ton's thought and style. What I am essentially trying to do is make clear the nature of Chesterton's puns and paradoxes, ıich are not to be regarded as mere embellishments of his style, t as the key to his metaphysical intuitions. As he himself has narked, the Church is founded on a pun: *tu es Petrus.* That n is based on analogical thinking. Peter is a rock. Of course is unlike a rock because he is a man, but he is like a rock because is a firm foundation. As to paradox, we can go again to the iptures, where we shall learn that the eternal God had his nappies ınged by a woman.

Having used the word analogy we must explain what it means. scriptions of God in terms of created things are called analogical, l what we notice in Chesterton is the facility with which he ves from created things to God. Let us quote a passage from

t *Thomas Aquinas*, ch. 5.

*Heretics* which shows this very well. Chesterton says that a man

> must realise the first and simplest of the paradoxes that sit by the springs of truth. He must surely see that the fact of two things being different implies that they are similar. The hare and the tortoise may differ in the quality of swiftness, but they must agree in the quality of motion. The swiftest hare cannot be swifter than an isosceles triangle or the idea of pinkness. When we say that the hare moves faster, we say that the tortoise moves. And when we say of a thing that it moves, we say without need of other words, that there are things that do not move. And even in the act of saying that things change, we say that there is something unchangeable.

In a leap, not of faith but of reason, we have gone from hares and isosceles triangles to God.

The word analogy means a proportion, and by it we establish at the same moment the likenesses and differences of things. Strictly speaking, we should distinguish analogy from metaphor. When we call God a rock, as in the hymn *Rock of Ages*, we *are* saying something positive about God, namely that he is a steadfast foundation, but we are not attributing any materiality to God. We are saying that he is like a rock, only different. But when we say that God has being, or is intelligent, wise or good, we wish to say that these attributes really are in God. When we call God a rock we wish to say that these attributes are really in God. When we call God a rock we do not wish to say that he is like a rock, only harder but when we call him good we wish to say that he is like a good man only "gooder". Neither are we here using negative descriptions We speak of God as im-material, but we should not speak of him as un-wise, the reason being that matter is something which is *itself* is limited, while wisdom or goodness are not things which are intrinsically limited. Human wisdom and goodness and intelligence are limited, but we see that their limitations to a human mode of being confine what they essentially are. In themselves they know no limit. Thus, when we call God wise, we mean that he is wise without the limitations of human wisdom. Again, when we call God 'Being,' we mean that he is without the limitations of finite is-ness. This is what is meant by analogical predication.

No name, says St Thomas, is predicated univocally of God and of creatures, but only in an analogous sense. He continues:

> However, we cannot say, as some have said, that the name

> predicated of God and of creatures are purely and simply equivocal, in such a way that there is no similarity between the uncreated and the created thing. If such were the case, nothing could be known or demonstrated of God through creatures; for the reasoning would always be exposed to the fallacy of equivocation; the same term would be employed in totally different senses, a verbal similarity being the only thing in their favour . . . If the names of the absolute perfections predicated of God and of creatures are neither univocal nor equivocal, what are they? They are analogous. This means that they denote things essentially different, between which there is a certain proportion.[4]

Analogy, then, is a method of dealing with similarity in difference, nd it implies that the similarities are not merely verbal. When we ıll an axe good and a man good this is not merely through poverty f language. While we are certainly not calling them good in the ıme sense, there is this similarity that the word 'good' expresses certain perfection of action in each corresponding to the kind f being which each is. To express it like a proportion sum we ın say that the goodness of man is to his being as the goodness an axe is to the being of an axe, and hence we say that goodness predicated of each analogically. Or, to take another example: e can speak of the death of the solar system, or of a plant or of a an. Death clearly does not mean the same thing in each instance, ıd yet there is a similarity, namely, a collapse of customary func- ɔning. Somebody who has never seen a man die, can get a faint ɔtion of it from seeing a plant die. Hence we can say that death an analogical notion. The analogical way of talking about God designed to give us a faint notion of what it must be like to exist God. When we read about the *analogia entis*, the analogy of ing, this is what we are referring to.

Now the only way in which we can speak about existing, as it is God, is to speak about existing as it is in a thing, an egg, or a ncil or a lamp-post. If we can really bring out the peculiar and oper flavour of each in the way in which we describe it, we shall ve some hint or vestige of God. *Nam quia ipse Christus Verbum ei est, etiam factum Verbi verbum nobis est.*[5] For because Christ the word of God so a thing made by the Word is a word to us. gehot said of Macaulay that his was not a style in which you

[4] *Summa Theologica* 1a. 13. 5.
[5] Augustine, *in Joann.* 24, 1.

could tell the truth. Chesterton tried to write in a way in which you could tell the truth about things.

Now the first truth about things, as Augustine never tired of saying, is that they are created things. God made them in his likeness, and the first truth about God is that He is. At once we come up against the central paradox of Christian metaphysics. God is independent being which creates. If creatures are like him each must be an independent being with causal or creative efficacy. Each is independent, each is like itself, each can assert itself in being, because it is utterly dependent on God, and can do nothing but by his moving. Grass is grassy, eggs are ovate, A is A, because God is God. It is the rockiness of rocks and the egginess of eggs, it is that which makes a rock not an egg, which makes it at once like God and different from God. Ontologically, all things are puns upon God, all words are puns upon the creative Word. The problem of the writer is to make things stand out, *ex-sist*, in their proper being which is unintelligible without the existence of God.

The existence of things must in fact be brought home to us as a shock and a wonder. As Chesterton himself says, "The use of paradox is to awaken the mind," and the primary and primitive use of the mind is to grasp things in their being. To grasp things as things is to find them astonishing. That is why, as St Thomas remarks, the poet and the true metaphysician have so much in common. They are filled with wonder at the being of things, at there being any things at all.

> I am interested in wooden posts, which do startle me like miracles. I am interested in the post that stands waiting outside my door, to hit me over the head, like a giant's club in a fairy tale. All my mental doors open outwards into a world I have not made. My last door of liberty opens upon a world of sun and solid things, of objective adventures. The post in the garden; the thing I could neither create nor expect; strong plain daylight on stiff upstanding wood: it is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes. [6]

To find things astonishing is to have them strike one like a thunderbolt. The word comes from the Latin *attonare*. God speaks beings in a voice of thunder from his holy mount, and the writer should echo the clap. G.K.C. writes in his *Autobiography*:

> When I was a young journalist on the *Daily News*, I wrote

[6] *The Coloured Lands.*

> in some article or other the sentence, "Clapham, like every other city, is built on a volcano." But 'The citizen of Clapham' could not believe that I meant what I said. He could not even say the word so that the first syllable of 'Clapham' sounded like the last syllable of 'thunderclap.' There was utterly veiled from his sight the visionary Clapham, the volcanic Clapham, what I may be allowed to put upon the cosmic map as Thunderclapham.

Here, of course, is the essential idea which received so brilliant realization in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill.* He slapped Notting Hill on the back, saying, you have only to be yourself and you will shine like the image of God. It is the prosaic which is unreal. Reality is a splendid tissue of heraldry, itself only as symbol, a place where the very articles in a grocer's shop shine with the exotic radiance of those fairy lands which are their port of origin. The centre of the campaign for the freedom of Notting Hill, you will remember, is a toyshop. We should receive ourselves and our world as children receiving gifts. Our corn is orient and immortal wheat. If Chesterton wrote on St Francis as well as on St Thomas, it was because he recognized the image of God in brother lamp-post and sister canned tomatoes. He saw them as strange enough to be familiars in God.

To limit my subject, I have been writing on Chesterton and St Thomas, but I could equally well have written on Chesterton and the Fathers. Having a world view in common with the latter, he used language in much the same way. One could write quite an entertaining essay on punning in the Fathers, and the motives for which it was used. Take for instance the famous word-play on *Eva* and *Ave*. Mary is regarded as the co-redemtrix. As *Ave* reverses *Eva*, so Mary reverses the work of original sin, and hence with Augustine we can cry out the paradox: *o felix culpa*! O jolly fault! In the last resort, and by the redemption, the Fall of Man becomes a joke, and the source of humour and humility. We see at last the absurdity of his Satanic pretensions.

> Why is it funny that a man should sit down suddenly in the street? There is only one possible or intelligent reason: that man is the image of God. It is not funny that everything else should fall down. No one sees a delicate absurdity in a stone falling down. No one stops in the road and roars with laughter at the sight of the snow coming down. The

> fall of thunderbolts is treated with some gravity. The fall of roofs and high buildings is taken seriously. It is only when a man tumbles down that we laugh. Why do we laugh? Because it is a grave religious matter. It is the fall of man.

Augustine is particularly full of Chestertonianisms, and perhaps especially when he is talking about the Fall and the Redemption. Talking about the Fall he remarks that it is pride that casts down, and humility that lifts from the ground. The proud man, he goes on, carnally avoids the flesh, and carnally seeks the soul; which Chesterton re-echoes, when he says that the work of hell is entirely spiritual. If anybody is alarmed by the latter's statement that Christianity is the most materialist of all religions, let him turn to the section in the *de Trinitate* where Augustine shows how our Lord through the death of the flesh slays the fleshless devil.

> And so the devil, in that very death of the flesh, lost man . . . himself impeded by no corruption of flesh and blood, through that frailty of man's mortal body, whence he was both too poor and too weak . . . For whither he drove the sinner to fall, himself not following, there by following he compelled the Redeemer to descend.
>
> *Huc accedit magnum sacramentum, ut, quoniam per feminam mors acciderat, vita nobis per feminam nasceretur, ut de utraque natura, id est femina et masculina, victus diabolus cruciaretur.*[7]

The devil was conquered and crucified by the flesh, calls out Augustine with the same effrontery and depth of insight with which Isaiah calls our Lord a worm, an effrontery with which Chesterton's 'materialism of Christianity' has a family likeness. Christian materialism is a joke on the devil. There are times when reading Augustine's apt alliterations I could swear he had been swotting Swinburne. Had he been like Chesterton a contemporary of Oscar Wilde, I suppose that he too would have been accused of merely perpetrating Oscarisms, though I admit that G.K.C. was too fond of the word "wild".

We shall gain further insight into why G.K.C. wrote as he did if we take a glance at his conception of reason. Like J. H. Newman, Chesterton was more than unwilling to see in reason only a function of abstract logical proof. For him, it was as wide as a man and as wide as the world. In fact, it was primarily the world

[7] *De Agone Christiano*, ch. 59.

d not man that was reasonable, and hence to reach a reasonable
:w of it one has to start not with a premise or with a principle,
t with a thing. Requested by an Anglican Society to lecture at
)ventry, Chesterton asked what he was to lecture on. "Anything
)m an elephant to an umbrella," was the answer. "Very well,"
replied, "I will lecture on an umbrella," which is what he did.
eaking about his defence of his Christian conviction in *Orthodoxy*,
says: "I would as soon begin the argument with one thing as
other; I would begin it with a turnip or a taximeter cab." The
gument takes the form of letting the thing speak, of letting it
nounce its astonishing existential queerness and wonderfulness,
nnecting it by unexpected likenesses and contrasts with other
ings, until we have a pattern of vestiges, *vestigia*, which announce
e name of God. It is in this piecemeal and gradual way that we
rive at our fundamental convictions. The process is described
*Orthodoxy* as follows:

> A man is not really convinced of a philosophic theory when he finds that something proves it. He is only really convinced when he finds that everything proves it. And the more converging reasons he finds pointing to this conviction, the more bewildered he is if asked suddenly to sum them up . . . That very multiplicity of proof which ought to make reply overwhelming makes reply impossible.

again

> But the evidence [of Christianity] in my case . . . is not in this or that alleged demonstration; it is in an enormous accumulation of small but unanimous facts. The secularist is not to be blamed because his objections to Christianity are miscellaneous and even scrappy; it is precisely such scrappy evidence that does convince the mind. I mean that a man may well be less convinced of a philosophy from four books, than from one book, one battle, one landscape, and one old friend. The very fact that the things are of different kinds increases the importance of the fact that they all point to one conclusion.

ybody who knows a little about Newman will recognize here
:indred mind. What Newman calls the illative sense casts it net
le, and we may notice how the style of Newman is proportioned
the concrete characteristics of things. He preferred real to
tional assent, the concrete response of the whole person to
ıcrete being. G.K.C. expresses the same preference in *Alarums*

*and Excursions*, where he says that false religion

> is always trying to express concrete facts as abstract; i calls sex affinity; it calls wine alcohol; it calls brute star vation the economic problem. The test of true religion i that its energy drives exactly the other way; it is alway trying to make men feel truths as facts; always trying t make abstract things as plain and solid as concrete things always trying to make men, not merely admit the truth, bu see, smell, handle, hear, and devour the truth.

This is, of course, a necessary conclusion of a view of things fo which truth is ultimately a person. "My heart and my flesh rejoic in the living God." And it does require of the writer that the hear and flesh participate in his reason, and in his way of writing. Th imagination must be called upon to reinforce the argument, whic must be vitalized by the specific and concrete. "The image," say St Thomas, "is a principle of our knowledge," and there is some thing Manichean in a style which refuses the raiment of the senses

For Chesterton, as for St Thomas, reason is not a part or a instrument of man, but the whole man. When we think, it is th man that thinks, and his body and emotions and senses are involve in his response to truth. Thinking is the correspondence of th whole man to what he is and to reality. His reason is himsel concretely existing as informed matter. He receives it as a gi of his being. This concreteness of intelligence, to which all tha Chesterton wrote bears witness, is hard to grasp after centuries o an abstract and instrumental view of reason, yet the latter ha never been without its critics. One recalls how Molière pokes fu at it in *Les Femmes Savantes*, and at the learned women whos intellectual love tries to ignore the body, until Chrysale, the un fortunate husband, is driven to complain that "reasoning is th business of all the house, and reasoning drives reason out of it. Perhaps the root of the trouble is that when we identify the intell gence of God with his existing, we make his being abstract instea of making his intelligence concrete. We fail to realize that h existing is Truth itself, in its concrete existential plenitude, so tha what he speaks is what he is. He utters himself wholly in h Word, and when we utter words we imitate him best when we thro all that we are, including perhaps our idiosyncrasies also, into wha we say.

It should always be borne in mind that for Chesterton faith i reason is faith in man, in his full historical situation, and that it

is faith in reason which leads him to reject rationalism as a kind of naniacal truncation of man. It tries to reduce to the simple clarities f logic man's "healthy hesitation and healthy complexity." "The nadman," he says, "is not the man who has lost his reason. The nadman is the man who has lost everything except his reason."[8]

This is the thesis of the striking chapter on 'The Maniac' in *Orthodoxy*. It is not, of course, an attack on reason, but on that atiocination which reduces the universe to the size of a mind hich is itself less than the nature of man himself, and which perates with abstractions that clarify at the price of being bloodless. A paranoiac may be able to give pellucid reasons why he is a tea-ot. He does so at the price of the full reality. One has to try o get him to stop reasoning and to taste reality. The trouble is hat, when a man's false image or double of himself is sufficiently omplicated and sufficiently learned, he is apt to be made a university rofessor, a theme gorgeously developed *à propos* of Professor merson Eames in *Manalive*, which raises the crying question of hether dons see double because they are drunk, or get drunk ecause they see double. For Chesterton, reason must include the nagination, because the imagination gives us things precisely in heir singularity. That is why it is the poet who has the clue to anity and to the nature of things. It is the poet who saves us rom the lunatics. Gabriel Gale in *The Poet and the Lunatics*, and Gabriel Syme in *The Man who was Thursday* announce the true ogos. As *Orthodoxy* puts it, "Grimm's Law is far less intellectual han *Grimm's Fairy Tales*." My own favourite statement of this osition is in the chapter called 'The Ethics of Elfland' in *Ortho-oxy*, where Chesterton contrasts the abstract necessities which ogical reason discovers, with the gratuitous contingencies which ense and imagination reveal in the world. "You cannot *imagine* wo and one not make three. But you can easily imagine trees not rowing fruit; you can imagine them growing candlesticks or gers hanging on by the tail."[9] It is the imagination, in fact, hich gives us the clue to the mysterious reasons of God in making ne kind of world which he has, and since these reasons are the ltimate measure of our own, the truly reasonable man is the mystic. What we find in the world of our experience is not necessary con-

[8] *Orthodoxy*, ch. 2.

[9] "the function of the imagination is not to make strange things settled, so much as to make settled things strange; not so much to make wonders facts as to make facts wonders. To the imaginative the truisms are all paradoxes." 'A Defence of China Shepherdesses'.

nection but astonishing juxtaposition. Again we are back at the principle which is now seen to be at the back of concrete logic and also of the imagination, that A is A. An egg is an egg and not a chicken. "But we cannot say why an egg can turn into a chicken any more than we can say why a bear could turn into a fairy prince." Fairy-tale language, he says

> is the only way in which I can express in words my clear and definite perception that one thing is quite distinct from another; that there is no logical connection between flying and laying eggs . . . The ordinary scientific man is strictly a sentimentalist. He is a sentimentalist in this essential sense, that he is soaked and swept away by mere associations. He has so often seen birds fly and lay eggs that he feels as if there must be some dreamy, tender connection between the two ideas, whereas there is none.

Chesterton, like Newman, is using what truth there is in nominalism to bring out the gratuitous and astonishing character of concrete existence. We must remember that he somewhere says "I am no dirty nominalist," and line up the pages from which I am quoting with the great pages on order and repetition, not to get a false impression. But it would be a mistake not to recognize the part played by British nominalism in the vivacity of the images put in the service of rational truth by men like Chesterton, Newman, and G. M. Hopkins.

Reason is what gives us truth, and truth is about reality. Man is a mirror carrying in himself the image of creation, because, as the image of God, he has somewhat of the divine inwardness. In *The Coloured Lands*, Chesterton says "I was never interested in mirrors; that is, I was never primarily interested in my own reflection—or reflections. I am interested in wooden posts." That within the context, is true. For Chesterton the greatest sin was pride, which consists in looking in the mirror before looking out of the window. That was the sin of Satan who, looking at himself before looking at God, failed to see his true nature as the image of God. He refused to see himself as a gift to himself, and "one must not look a gift universe in the mouth." In fact, Chesterton was very interested in mirrors, to judge by the numerous references to them in his writings. They reflect the duplicity of that monstrous being, man, who ought to seek himself, not in his own reflection but in the mirror of creatures as turned to the face of God. The great sin is to see our own face in the place of God. In the poem

*he Mirror of Madman* Chesterton writes:

I dreamed a dream of heaven, white as frost,
The splendid stillness of a living host;
Vast choirs of upturned faces, line o'er line.
Then my blood froze; for every face was mine

. . .

But spare a brow where the clean sunlight fell,
The crown of a new sin that sickens hell.
Let me not look aloft and see mine own
Feature and form upon the Judgment-throne.

Then my dream snapped: and with a heart that leapt
I saw across the tavern where I slept,
The sight of all my life most full of grace,
A gin-damned drunkard's wan half-witted face.

The source of grace is to look out of the window and see creatures they drunkards or wooden posts. It is Chesterton's way of firming the realism of St Thomas, which in the last analysis is a sion of our natures and of all creatures as gifts. It is a facet of umility. There is a sentence in St Thomas which is at first sight ry enigmatic, but the right interpretation of which is the clue to s theory of knowledge. He says: *secundum hoc cognoscit veritem intellectus, quod supra se reflectitur*. The mind knows truth so far as it reflects upon itself. At first sight this seems to sell e pass to idealism, and to suggest that the mind reaches the truth contemplating its own contents. But St Thomas intends to ute just the opposite. What we have to grasp by reflection is the ind's status in reality as received being, gift being, which is actual-:d by receiving beings. To reflect upon oneself is thus para-oxically, to escape from oneself.

In the gorgeous disquisition on puddles in *Manalive*, which is a flection on reflections in puddles, this occurs:

> There is something pleasing to a mystic in such a land of mirrors. For a mystic is one who holds that two worlds are better than one. In the highest sense, indeed, all thought is reflection.
>
> This is the real truth in the saying that second thoughts are best. Animals have no second thoughts . . . man alone is able to see his own thought upside down as one sees a

> house in a puddle. This duplication of mentality, as in a mirror, is (we repeat) the inmost thing of human philosophy.

The passage occurs in the description of how Smith wakens the pessimist professor into thankfulness for his own birthday by the thunderclap of a pistol. The point about a mirror is that "one sees oneself so very *plain*," and then the alternatives before one are humility or suicide. One is absurd only as the image of oneself. It is in fact only by realistic reflection upon oneself that one can be brought into congruity with oneself.

The saving realization is that one is a man, a creature and therefore a gift to oneself. "Man is a creature; all his happiness consists in being a creature . . . All his fun is in having a gift or present."[10] Hell is the refusal of being as a gift. The refusal is made by self-enclosure, by arrogating to oneself the self-sufficiency of God. God becomes our hell when we claim to be *him*. "There is something much worse than atheism which is Satanism; otherwise known as Being God." Hell is, in fact, insanity, the refusal of man and his reason to be themselves, that is, to be image. Indeed, we can get that glimpse of hell which is necessary to the contemplative by experiences of or temptations to insanity; we shall only realize why Chesterton couples the notion of reason with that of heaven, which is everywhere that A is A, everywhere where things and men are themselves, by appreciating how near that hell he went himself. The allusions to a morbid period which he underwent as a young man are too numerous to be cited. *The Man Who was Thursday* is one of the books in which he celebrates his escape. Lunacy and insanity, and the fall of man are constant themes in Chesterton because the main theme of his work is the reasonableness of heaven. The verbal gaiety of Chesterton is profound, because it is a contemplative's celebration of his escape from the abyss. It is a dance on the tight-rope of sanity, and we recover in him, in its full dimensions, St Thomas's conception of conformity to the order of reason as a balance.

Man falls because he loses his balance. Like the souls in Dante's hell, he has lost the good of the intellect. As fallen, he is incongruous with himself as well as with God. When Chesterton says that the man who preaches egoism practises altruism, he shows in a lightning flash the incongruity between what we are and what in pride we think we are. The images do not coincide. In so far

[10] *The Poet and the Lunatics*, ch. 4.

humour and paradox depend upon incongruity, here is one of eir richest sources. That is why the fall of man is funny. Man a reflective being has to escape from his mere reflection in order become a true image. That is why we can slap him on the ck and say: be a man. In addition to the marring of his image sin, man is a creature in a state of becoming under the direction his reasonable will. He is not, in fact, what in essence he is. e has to realize what he is, and the distance between what he is any moment, and what he is as the image of God is another ep quarry of paradox, which reason without imagination cannot ploit. It is because he can escape from what he is, to hell where will see only his own face, or to God in whose face he will see creatures, that man is the only truly wild animal.

> We talk of wild animals; but man is the only wild animal. It is man that has broken out. All other animals are tame animals; following the rugged respectability of the tribe or type. All other animals are domestic animals; man alone is ever undomestic.

e is undomestic because his home is not here. He is always urneying to find his home. A crocodile dreams of no Eden. It man who is the true monster, and who alone can enter forbidden rdens. If he often looks as funny as a parson who has strayed o a nudist camp, that is the writer's opportunity. The latter ll be humorous just in so far as he has a clear view of men's d. The fun should, in fact, be wild in proportion as the vision holy, and the technique of the fun will be to make words and ings reflect each other in that analogical and paradoxical way ich will image the joy of the creator in his astonishing works.

> Modern investigators of miraculous history have solemnly admitted that a characteristic of the great saints is their power of levitation. They might go further; a characteristic of the great saints is their power of levity. It is easy to be heavy, hard to be light. Satan fell by force of gravity.[11]

It is, in fact, as a punning and paradoxical and, if you like, fan- tical writer that Chesterton reveals the depths of his contempla- e life, and his Christian view of man, just as Sartre by *his* use the absurd, shows his unchristian view. He saw man for what was, precariously walking the divide between insanity and sin the one hand, and the poetry of sanity on the other. Like St

*Orthodoxy*, ch. 7.

Thomas, he was expressing in his own medium and with like humility the realist vision of man, and it is this which the Pope realized when, on the death of Chesterton, he offered his sympathy to the people of England. In his telegram he called Chesterton "Defender of the Catholic Faith." It was the first time that this title had been given to an Englishman since Henry VIII ! On the grounds of its being a royal prerogative, the secular press would not print this phrase. The Pope, you see, was wrong again, and the rock of Peter an offence. One has to be grave about those who rule the kingdoms of this world.

# POEMS

GEOFFREY HARESNAPE

## *A Hindu Temple*

It sprouted in a canefield near the sea,
And all its gods were carved so holily
I felt I should remove my shoes and feel the earth.
With mystical disdain a goddess looked below
And, glorying in a vision, set her toe
Upon the temple top. A god of girth
Whose sanctity was shown up by his joy,
Was hung below the eaves. A slip thin boy
With eyes of innocence was next—
And these all carved with love and painted green.
Their eyes looked through me to a place somewhere,
Their lungs were closed to this earthy air,
And they all green.
It seemed to me they were like the cane,
And the cane itself was like them again,
And beyond us all, the sea.

## *To a Wattle Tree*

Bright galaxy of yellow suns,
You are a system flung out from
The fertile whorls and nebulae

Of soil. Deep streams and unseen tons
Of loam have climbed your stem, to come
Into the orbits of your tree

Embossed with burning pomp on runs
Of branches sceptred to the strum
Of spacial winds. Gold eaved and free,

A cloistral palace of those nuns
Of ordered spring, the bees, who thrum
Obediently with prayers, to see

The passing of those balanced ones,
Your singing spheres. You hold the sum
Of all there is; empower me.

# SECUNDUM IOHANNEM MAUNDVYLE

Ed. M. C. SEYMOUR

BODLEY MS. ASHMOLE 751 is a compilation of devotional and scriptural extracts closely written on paper, with little or no rubricated distinction between the separate entries, in an ugly fifteenth-century vernacular hand. It is, at first glance, an undistinguished book but it contains on ff. 48-50 and 142-143 some extracts from *Mandeville's Travels* which repay further study.

*Mandeville's Travels* was first translated into English, sometime before 1400, from an Anglo-Norman manuscript which was marred by a large lacuna, through the loss of the second quire of an earlier manuscript, during the description of Egypt.[1] This English translation, known as the Defective Version by reason of this characteristic lacuna, was the basis of two later versions of *Mandeville's Travels*, the Cotton and Egerton Versions, which are extant in single copies and probably had a very limited circulation, and it provided the text of all printed editions of the work before 1725.[2] The importance of the Defective Version is thus paramount.

Of the thirty-one extant manuscripts of the Defective Version[3] only nine give the text in its most complete form, and these nine,[4] which we may term Sub-Group A, derive from the missing archetype independently of the remaining manuscripts. The main distinguishing feature of this sub-group is the inclusion of a long description of the rotundity of the world, and it is a very brief reference in MS. Ashmole 751 to this passage which, supported by certain details of scribal tradition,[5] proves that the extracts from *Mandeville's Travels* in this manuscript were copied from an exemplar of the Sub-Group A type. Thus these extracts, however brief, are of value in establishing a definitive text of the Defective Version.[6]

This value is not lessened by the fact that, on the evidence o

[1]E. W. B. Nicholson, 'Sir John Mandeville', *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed
[2]J. W. Bennett, *The rediscovery of Sir John Mandeville*, PMLA, Monograph Series XIX (New York, 1954) p. 349-359.
[3]ibid. p. 288—297.
[4]Bodley MSS, Douce 33, Rawlinson D 101, E Musaeo 124; Balliol College Oxford MS. 239; Queen's College, Oxford MS. 383; Cambridge University Library MSS. Ff.v. 35, Dd.i. 17; Magdalene College, Cambridge MS. Pepys 1955; Corning Museum of Glass (New York) MS.
[5]See below, *11.* 173—174, and notes to *11.* 11, 19, 68, 95, 96, 112, 118, 149, 221
[6]Such a text, based on Queen's MS. 383, is to be issued by the EETS.

ibal contaminations,[7] the extracts were copied from a manuscript longer extant, nor by the apparently casual manner in which they re selected. Unlike the two other extant selections from English sions of *Mandeville's Travels*, the Bodley Version[8] and the epine in the British Museum Additional MS. 33049, these extracts MS. Ashmole 751 were not copied in proper sequence or on any coverable plan. They are, indeed, almost exclusively concerned h Christian matters (two notable exceptions being the descripns of cloud-topping Olympus and the Well of Youth) and thus nform to the general nature of the book, but the compiler appears rely to have turned the pages of his source manuscript to and and to have transcribed what caught his attention in the first half the work.[9]

Even if this absence of an identifiable source and the random ure of the selection did affect the textual importance of the racts, the strong Northern colouring of the language would give m a value for Mandeville scholars, quite apart from a purely lological interest. It is a common assumption, due to the domiing position of the South-eastern dialect Cotton Version, which he only version in general circulation and which *is* thus *Mande-e's Travels* for the majority,[10] that the book was originally nslated in the London area. There is, however, a growing accuulation of evidence which suggests the possibility of its having ginally appeared in the North. In many manuscripts of the fective Version, particularly those closer to the missing archetype, ur Northern forms like *nama* 'no more', the presence of which is narkable in Southern or South-western texts. The Egerton sion, which is a conflation of the Defective Version and a lost glish translation of a Latin version,[11] was made in the North. fragments of verse, based partly on *Mandeville's Travels*, in lley MS. E Musæo 160, and the epitome contained in British seum Additional MS. 33049, which is derived from the Defective

e below, notes to *11.* 27, 93, 96, 118.
e my article, 'A medieval redactor at work', *Notes and Queries* (May, 1961.)
y critical edition of the version will shortly be published by the EETS.
part from paragraphs beginning at *11.* 152, 160, 173, all the extracts are ken from the first third of *Mandeville's Travels.*
Hamelius, *Mandeville's Travels*, EETS O.S. 153 and 154 (London, 1919 and 23). A limited edition of the Egerton Version, edited by G. F. Warner for e Roxburghe Club (Westminster, 1889), has not reached a large public ough a modernized rendering of this text by M. Letts, issued by the Hakluyt ciety, vols. CI and CII (London, 1953), may make it more widely known.
e my forthcoming article, 'The origin of the Egerton Version of *Mandeville's avels*', in *Medium Aevum.*

Version, were also written in the North. In this context the extracts in MS. Ashmole 751 may acquire a much greater importance for the Mandeville scholar than they have hitherto possessed.

## BODLEY MS. ASHMOLE 751, ff 48—50, 142—143

[f.48r] Tho cros of Oure Lord Iesu Crist was o lengthe viii cubites, and that that was ouerthwert had in lenthe iii. cubites and a halfe. And a party of tho crowne of Oure Lord that He was crowned with and on of tho nayles and tho sperehed and mony other relikes are in Fraunce in tho chapelle of tho kynge And tho crowne lygges in a vessel of cristal wel dyght and rychely, for a kyng of Fraunce boght thes relykys of tho Iewes to whom tho Emperoure layde thaim to wed for a gret summe of gold.

And ye schal vnderstond that tho crowne of Crist was o ionques of tho see, that is to say rysches, that were whyte tha prykked als scharply as thornes. But it was departed in t partyes, of whylk o party is at Parys and that other party is a Constantinople.

And ye schal vnderstond that Oure Lord, in that nyght tha He was taken, He was led into a garden and ther tho Iewe scorned Hym and set a crowne vpon His hed so fast that th blod ran don by mony places of His vysage and His nek an His schulders. And that crowne was made of albespyne, an therfore has albespyne mony vertues; for he that beres braunche of it vpon hym, no thunder ne no maner of tempes schal dere hym, ne no house that it is inne may no yvel go come in ne in no place that it is in. And in that same garde Synt Petur forsoke Oure Lord thryes.

Afturward was Oure Lord layd byfore tho byschope an officers of tho lawe in another garden of Anne, and there H [was] scorned and crowned with a crowne of white thorn that men calles *barbaryns* that groued in that garden. An aftur He was led into a garden of Cayphas, and there He wa crowned with englentere. And sythen He was led into th chaumber of Pylat, and then was He set in a chayer and th made a crowne of ionques of tho see and thai kneled to Hy and crowned Hym therwith and sayd *Aue rex Iudeorum.*

* * *

[f.48v] In tho syde of tho cuntre of Macydon is a hylle that men calles Olymppus that departes Macedone and Trachie, and it is vp to tho clowdes. And another hylle is there that men calles Athos, and tho schadow of hym reches vnto Olymphus that is ner lx. myle and xvii. bytwene. And vpon that tho ayer is so clere that men may fele no wynde there, and therfore may no best lyfe there, tho ayer is so drye. And men in that cuntre [sais] that summe tyme went phylosofers vpon tho hylles and held to thaire nese a sponge mosted with water for to hafe ayre. And there thai wrote letters in tho sand with thaire fyngers, and at tho yere end that come agayne and fond tho same letters withouten any defaute. And therefore it semes wel that thes hylles passen tho clowdes to tho pure ayre.

* * *

At Constantinople in tho kyrk of Synt Sophe an emperoure wold hafe layd tho body of his fader in tho erthe when he was dede. And as thai made a graue, thai fond a body in tho erthe and on tho body lay a gret plate of gold, and therein was wryton in Hebrewe, Grew, and Latyne thus, *Ihesus Cristus nascetur de virgine Maria et ego credo in Eum.* And tho date when this was wryten and layd in tho erthe was ii. hundreth yere byfore that Oure Lord [was] borne. And yit is tho plate in tho tresoure of tho kyrke, and men sayn that it was tho body of Ermogenes tho wyse man.

* * *

Also at Constantinople lys Anne, Oure Lady moder, whom Synt Elyn broght fro Ierusalem. And ther lys also tho body of Ion Crisostam that was byschop of Constantinople. And ther lyes Synt Luke tho Euangelyst for his bones were broght fro Bretayn.

* * *

In Ebron Dauid, Ierusalem kynge, regned fyrst vii. yere and a halue, and in Ierusalem xxxiii. yere and a halue. And there are graues of partiarckes, Adam, Abraham, and Iacob, and thaire wyfes, Eue, Sarra, and Rebecca, [f.49r] and thai ben in tho hangynge of tho hille. And vnder thaim is a ryght faire kyrke as a castel, and tho Sarzens kepes it welle in tho worschyp of tho holy patriarkes that lygges there. And thai suffre no Cristen men ne Iewes com in there but yf [thai] hafe specyal leue of tho Sawden. And tho Sarzens calles it

in thaire langage *Cariatharbia*, that is to say tho place o patriarkes, and tho Iewes calles it *Arbothe*. And in that sam place was Abrahammes house, and he sat in his dore and sag thre persones and worschypped on — *vnde sancta scriptur Tres vidit et vnum adorauit* — and hym tok Abraham into hi house.

And ryght nere that place is a kaue in a roche where Adar and Eue were dwellynge when thai were drefen out of Paradys and ther gate thai thaire chylder. And in that place wa Adam made, as sum men sais, for men cald that place sum tyme tho dale of Damas, and fro thethen translate int Paradyse and afterward dryfen out and put there agayn. An there bygynnes tho vale of Ebron that lastes nere to Ier salem. And there Adam gat Seth, of whylk kyn Iesu Cri was borne.

* * *

Also there is [a] fayre cite that men calles Bersabee, an that cite founded Vrrye wyfe, of whom Dauid gat Salomo that was kynge of Ierusalem and xii. kynredenes of Israe and he regned xl. yere. And fro then men gose to Ebro that is fro tho cite Bersabee nere xii. myle. And sum me calles it tho Vale of Mambre, and also it is cald tho Dale Teres for, als men sais, Adam and Eue gret in that valey a yere for the ded of his son Abelle that Caym sclogh. An Ebron was sumtyme the chefe cite of Philistien, and the dwelled geauntes in Ebron, Iosue and Calophe.

* * *

Fro Ebron then is tho Mounte of Mambre, of whylk th vale toke his name. And there is a tre of oke that tho Sarze calles it tho Drye Tre, and thai say that it has ben fro t bygynnynge of tho world. And it was sumtyme grene a bare leues vnto that tyme that Oure Lord dyed, and then dryed and so dyd alle tho tres in tho world, or elles thai fayl in thaire hertes or faded. And yit are mony of tho [tr in tho world. [f.49v] And sume prophices sais that lord, a grete prynce of tho west syde of tho world, scha wyn tho Land of Promissyon, and that is tho Holy Land, wi help of Cristen men, and he schal do synge a messe vnder t Drye Tre, and then schal tho tre wax grene and bere frut a

l. 82 Damas: MS. Bamas.

leues. And thorgh that myracle mony Sarzens and Iewes schal be turned to Cristen faythe. And therfore thai do gret worschyp therto and kepis it ryght bysyle. And yof al it be drye it beres gret vertu; for certayn he that has thereof a lytylle vpon hym, it heles hym of tho fallynge yuel. And mony other vertus it has, and therfor it is holden ryght preciouse.

Fro Ebron men gose to Bedleem on half a day for it is but v. myle, and it was sumtyme cald Effrata, as Holy Wryt sais, *Ecce audiuimus, et cetera.* It is a lytel cite, longe and narow and welle walled and enclosed with a dyke.

* * *

For to speak of Ierusalem, it standes fayre amonge hylles and there is no riuer ne welle but water comyng by condite fro Ebron. And men called it fyrst Iebus, and sythen it was cald Salem vnto that tyme that Dauyd was kynge, and he set thes too names togeder and called it Ierusalem. And it is of of tho kyngdam of Surrye in tho land of Iudee. And it is cald Iudee for Iudas Machabeus was kynge of that land, and marches estward on tho kyngdam of Arabye. Aboute Ierusalem ben cites Ebron at vii. myle, Iericho vi. myle, Arabye, Iaffe, Ramatha, Ascalon, Bedleem, *et cetera.*

* * *

But ye schal vnderstond when men gos to Ierusalem, thai go tho fyrst pylgrimage to tho kyrke ther His holy graue is, that was wont to be oute of tho cite on tho north syde, but it is now closed within tho walle of tho ton. And ther is a fayre kyrke alle rond and hyled with led, and on tho west syde is a fayre towre and a stronge for belles. And in tho mydward of tho kyrke is a tabernacle wel made and rychely dyght with gold, azoure, and other coloures. And on tho ryght syde is made tho sepulcre of Oure Lord. And on that tabernacle is a wyndowe, and therin are mony lampes light brennand. [f.50r] And ther is on laumpe that henges byfore tho sepulcre light brennand, and euerilk a Fryday it gos oute by itself and lightes agayn by itself on tho Sonenday that tyme Oure Lord rose fro deth to lyfe.

* * *

. 112 Ebron: MS. Ebrewe.

Also withouten tho walles of tho cite is tho Vale of Iosephat and it comes to tho walles. In that vale withouten tho cite is tho kyrke of Synt Steuen where he was stened to dethe. and therby is tho Gylted Yate that may not be opened. Thurgh that yate Oure Lord entred on Palme Sonenday vpon an asse rydange. Tho yate opend agaynes Hym whan He wold go to tho tempul, and yit ben tho steppes of tho asse sene in thre places in hard marbul stones.

* * *

In Betanye bysyde tho Mount of Olyuete dwelled Symon Lepros that herberd Oure Lord and thaim that were baptysed of His disciples, and he was cald Iulyan. And that was he that men calles on for gode herbere, and he was a byschope. And in his house Crist forgaf Mary Mawdelayn hyr synnes. And ther was Lazer raysed fro deth to lyfe. And ii. myle from Ierusalem is tho Mounte Ioye, and it is cald so for there may pilgrimes fyrst se Ierusalem, and that is grete ioye after thaire trauelle.

* * *

In tho ile of Canaa is a hylle that is cald Polome, and at tho fote of that hylle is a fayre welle that has swete sauour and smelle of alle maner of spyces. And at euerilk houre of tho day he chaunges his sauour, and who drynkes thryes of tho day of that welle, he is made holle of alle sekenes that he has. And summe calles it tho Welle of Youthe, for thai that drynkes therof semes alway to be yonge. Thai say that this welle comes fro Paradyse Terestre for it is so vertuouse.

* * *

Also in tho land of Mabaron lyse Synt Thomas flesche in a fayre toumbe in a cite that is called Calamy, and tho arme with tho hande that he put in Oure Lordes body when He was rysen. And Oure Lord saide to hym, *Noli esse incredulus, et cetera.* That same hand lygges yit withouten tho toumbe bare, and with this hand thai gyfe iugement and domes in that cuntre to wyte who has reght. For yf any stryfe be bytwene too partes, thai let wryte thaire ryght in too bylles and thes bylles are put in tho hand of Synt Thomas. [f.50v] And als sone tho hande castes away tho bylle of hym

that has wronge and haldes stylle tho bylle of ryght. And therfore men comes fro fer for to hafe dome of ther cause that are in doute.

* * *

The compas and tho roundnes of tho erth contenes, aftur tho sayinge of Ion Maundvyle, is xxx. thowsand myle and v.

* * *

*Versus: In cruce sit palma, cedrus, cipressus, oliua.* Tho stok that stod on tho erth, in tho whylk was made a mortes, was of cedre, for that may not rote in erthe ne in watur, for it schuld lange last. And that pesse that went vpright fro that stoke to tho hed was of cipres, for it is well smelland, so that no smel of His body schuld greue to men that come therby. And that pesse ouertwert, to tho whylk His handes were naylet, was of palme, for thai trawed that thai hade tho victory of Iesu Crist. And tho tabul of tho tytelle was made of olyue, for olyue bytokens pesse, as tho story of Noe beres wytnes; tho dowe broght a braunche of olyue that bytokens pes made bytwex God and Mon. And so trowed tho Iewes to hafe pes when Crist was ded, for thai sayd that Crist made stryffe amonge thaim.

And Grekys and other men that dwelles byyond tho see sais that tho tre of tho croys that we calle cypres was of tho tre that Adam ete tho appul of, and so thai fynd wryten. And so tho tre of tho cros was made of iiii. tres that bare tho gode frute, thorgh tho whylke Adam and Eue and alle that come of thaim were safed and delyuered fro deth withoute end but yf it were thaire owen defaute.

This holy cros hyd tho Iewes vnder tho erth vnder tho roche of tho Mount of Caluore, and it lay there cc. yere and more vnto that tyme that Synt Elene fond it, that was moder of Constantyne Emperoure of Rome, and scho was doghter of Kyng Colle that was kynge of Yngland, that was that tyme called Grete Breten, wham tho Emperoure wedded for hyr fayrenes when scho was in that cuntre.

* * *

[f.142v] *Nota secundum Iohannem Maundvyle*

Fro Nazareth to tho Mount Thabor is iii. myle. Ther Oure Lord transfigured Hym byfore Petur, Ion, and Iames. And on

that same hylle schal thre aungels blawe thaire trumpes and rayse alle men that are dede to lyfe, and so schal thai come in body and sawle to tho dome that schal be in tho Vale of Iosephat that schal be on Pasche Day tho same [houre] that Oure Lord ros fro ded to lyfe.

A myle fro tho Mount Thabor is tho Mount Hermon, and ther was tho cite of Namy. Byfore tho yates of that cite Oure Lord raysed tho wydow son that had no mo chyldere.

* * *

And ye schal vnderstond that tho flume Iordane bygynne vnder tho hylle of Liban, and ther bygynnes tho Land of Promyssion that lastes vnto Bersabee toward tho north and tho south, and it is nere ix. score myle of lenthe, and of bred it lastes fro Ieroco vnto Iaffe and ther is fourty myle.

And amonge Sarrazens dwellen mony Cristen men vnde tribute, and thai be of dyuerse maners. And alle thai trow wel in Fader and in tho Son and in tho Holy Gost, but yit tha fayle in articles of oure trowthe for thai [sais] that God ba no mon schryue hym to another. And therfore Dauid sais i tho sawter, *Confitebor tibi domino in toto corde meo; et iterum Delictum meum cognitum tibi feci; et iterum, Deus meus es t et confitebor tibi; et iterum, Quoniam cogitacio hominis confiteb tur tibi. Augustinus et Gregorius:* [f.143r] *Qui scelera su cogitat et conuersus fuerit veniam sibi credat. Gregorius dici Dominus pocius mentam quam verba considerat. Hillariu dicit, Longorum temporum crimina in ictu oculi perient si cord nata fuerit contempcio. Et ista fuerat confessio temporibu antiquis.*

## NOTES

It has not been possible to print *thorn* and *yogh* where they occu in the MS. *Th-* is substituted for *thorn* initially in all printed form except *thorne(s) ll.*12,27, *thunder l.*21, *thurgh ll.*109,137 *that l.*14 *thre ll.*140,206, and *thryes ll.*24,154,—which are the MS. form —and medially in all occurrences of *(an)other*. *Y-* is substitute for *yogh* initially in all occurrences of *yate(s)*, *ye*, *yere*, *yit*, *yout yonge;* medially in *byyond l.*189; final *yogh* is omitted where occurs in *sagh*, 3 *s. pret., l.*74, *sclogh*, 3 *s. pret., l.*94, *thorg prep., l.*193.

Scribal abbreviations, except roman numerals, have been silently xpanded. Punctuation and word-division follow modern practice. he addition of missing words, printed within square brackets, is ıade by reference to Queen's College, Oxford MS. 383. Asterisks ıark the beginning of a new extract.

7 *Iewes:* scribal error common to all extant MSS. of the Defective Version and possibly reflecting a corrupt variant in the Anglo-Norman MS. used by the translator. It was the *Genoese* who gave the pawned relics to St Louis in the French text.

11 *that is to say rysches:* scribal interpolation common to all MSS. of Sub-Group A.

19 *And that crowne was made of albespyne:* this clause occurs at this point only in MSS. of Sub-Group A. All other MSS. read *a crowne of albespyne that growede there yn the same gardyne* in the previous sentence, cf. *a crowne* 1.17.

27 *was scorned:* MS. scorned hym. Scribal contamination, not found elsewhere.

28 *barbaryns:* i.e. barberry, a shrub with spiny shoots and *red* berries. The form *barbaryns* (OF *berberis*) first occurs in *Mandeville's Travels.*

57 *Ermogenes:* i.e. the legendary Hermes Trismegistus who was reputedly author of several sacred books in Greek, especially after the Second Century.

62 *Bretayn:* i.e. Bithynia. The corrupt MS. form is reflected in other MSS. (e.g. Queen's MS. 383 *Brutayne*, Huntington Library MS. 114 *Brytaigne*) but the better variant *Betanye* is more common.

68 *as a castel:* scribal omission common to all MSS. of Sub-Group A. All other MSS. read *ycornelled as a castel.*

93 *and Eue:* scribal interpolation, not found elsewhere.

95 *Philistien:* i.e. Palastine. The corrupt MS. form is paralleled in Queen's MS. 383.

96 *Iosue and Calophe:* i.e. Joshua and Caleb, two of the spies sent by Moses to find Canaan (*Numbers*, 13—14). The mistake by which they are made giants is due to a scribal omission; Queen's MS. 383 reads *and ther dwellid geauntis. In Ebron Iosue and Calphe and ther felawschip come first to aspye how thei might wynne the Lord of Promyssioun.* In all MSS. except those of Sub-Group A a further sentence occurs after *geauntis*, and thus the omission which makes Joshua and Caleb giants could only have occurred in a MS. of the Sub-Group A type.

99 *tho Drye Tre:* for a learned note on this famous subject of Christian legend see G. V. Smithers, *Kyng Alisaunder*, vol. ii, EETS No. 237 (London, 1957), pp. 146-147.

118 *Ecce audiuimus:* Psalm 131, verse 6.

121 *condite:* i.e. conduit.

122 *Ebron:* MS. Ebrowe. Scribal error, occurring also in Queen's MS. 383, Balliol MS. 239, and Cambridge University MS. Dd.i.17.

128 *Arabye:* i.e. Beersheba. Scribal error, not found elsewhere. However, Queen's MS. 383, Bodley MS. Douce 33, and Cambridge University MS. Dd.i.17 read *Barabe*, cf. the better *Barsabe* of other manuscripts, and this reading was undoubtedly the source of the MS. *Arabye*.

134 *hyled with led:* i.e. roofed with lead.

159 *and that is grete ioye after thaire trauelle:* scribal interpolation common to MSS. of Sub-Group A but no others.

161 *Canaa:* identified by Cordier, *Odoric*, p. 89, as Marco Polo's Thana in the island of Salsette and in the presidency of Bombay.

161 *Polome:* identified by Cordier, *ibid.* p. 100, as Quilon on the Malabar Coast.

170 *Mabaron:* on the Coromandel Coast. For a discussion of legends concerning St Thomas in India see V. Slessarov, *Prester John. The Letter and the Legend* (Minnesota University Press, 1960).

212 *scho:* scribal error for *he*, also found in Cambridge University MS. Dd.i.17.

230 *maners:* at this point all MSS. not of Sub-Group A add a further clause, viz. British Museum MS. Royal 17 B xliii *and thay ben alle crystenede and haue lawes.*

# CONGREVE AND ANN BRACEGIRDLE

R. G. HOWARTH

'N Congreve's first play, *The Old Bachelor*, acted in March, 1693, the part of the heroine Araminta was played by the beautiful nn Bracegirdle, said to have been "the darling of the theatre", ho made her audience her lovers, without favouring one above ıother, and yet kept an unblemished reputation. By Ann the amatist was captivated once for all, and he expressed his passion portraying her as the supreme female character in each of his bsequent plays—as Cynthia in *The Double Dealer*, as Angelica *Love for Love*, as Almeria in *The Mourning Bride*, and above all Millamant in *The Way of the World;* which parts she of course ok on the stage. The underlying theme of these plays is Con-eve's own love for Ann Bracegirdle, long hopeless or baffled and last ideally fulfilled.

John C. Hodges, author of *William Congreve the Man : A Bio-aphy from New Sources*, published in 1941, presents the view that nn may have eventually yielded to Congreve's importunities and ve secretely become his mistress; but, in 1700 or so, on being urted, without prospect of marriage, by his cousin the Earl of arsdale (who on his demise bequesthed her £1,000), she was pudiated, as it were, in the bitter lines "False tho' you've been me and love" (the first two quatrains of which, "in a version some-ıat less personal", Congreve published in 1710). He then trans-rred his affections to the young Duchess of Marlborough, becoming r close friend and ultimately her lover and the father of her last ild, a daughter, Mary, to whom in his will he indirectly left his rtune (it was to revert to Mary from the Duchess). A visit to ıth with Congreve had relieved the Duchess's twenty years' sterility, ıce the birth of her two sons, now grown up. This is the story Congreve's love affairs, told by suggestion and implication, in odges's book. But is he not overlooking several facts?

1. Why, if Ann went so far as to become Congreve's mistress, she would not marry him, as he seems to have wished her to do, is not made clear: perhaps, rather, he grew resigned to the idea of never possessing her and accepted the intimate friendship which was all that she was prepared to offer. In

the last of the plays, far from there being any note of consummated love, the wooing is more protracted and, right to the end, more uncertain than ever. In effect, Ann favours the dramatist only in his wistful dreams.

2. On Hodges' own showing, the poem *False tho' thou art to me and love*, as published in 1710 by Congreve, was the same originally, except for the two concluding stanzas which he omitted: it was impersonal, being made personal only in revision. Furthermore, it is both "A Complaint to the Pious Selinda" and addressed to "Iris". Why "*pious*"?—sarcastically? The term would not seem to apply very closely to Ann. The evidence is against Hodges's interpretation of the poem, as having been written in jealousy over Scarsdale's courtship of her.
3. There is no ground for arguing that Congreve turned against Ann—there is not even any reason to believe that the poem cited concerned her. He left Ann, in his will, only £200, she being well provided for otherwise, by his cousin's bequest, as well as by the fruit of her own public labours and success.
4. Congreve was a gentleman, and seems to have behaved with the utmost courtesy and circumspection towards the Duchess, whose husband also was his friend. This accounts for the guarded terms of his will: he wished to preserve her name from the tongues of scandal.
5. Congreve early grew corpulent, gouty and almost blind, so that it seems he lost any physical vigour he once had. The waxen figure of the man which the Duchess caused to be made after his death, to sit and nod in his chair when addressed, probably represents pretty well the full extent of his vitality: he would converse sociably; but activity, especially that of sexual passion, was beyond his powers.
6. The birth of a last child to a husband and wife, after a long period of childlessness, is no new phenomenon and need not be accounted for by supposing it to have been the result of a love affair on her part.

In sum, Hodges's story appears to be a tissue of unwitting distortions or of wrong inferences: without meaning to do so, surely, he goes far beyond the facts. There is a danger that his interpretation will become accepted without question. Already Kathleen M. Lynch, in *A Congreve Gallery*, 1951, followed by N. N. Holland (*The First Modern Comedies: The Significance of Etherege, Wycher-*

*and Congreve*, 1960), and John R. Moore, as author of *Daniel oe, Citizen of the Modern World*, 1958, show signs of belief in suggested relationship of Congreve and the Duchess. This is, effect, to give credence to the original malicious remark of the Duchess, Sarah, on "the happiness and honour she [Henrietta] l she had enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and iest a man," that "I know what 'pleasure' she might have had his company, but I am sure it was no 'honour'." Remember endly" Congreve, "unreproachful man;" he could forgive even biographers. Hodges is commendably sensible on many points instance, Voltaire's misconception of Congreve's character and ions). It is a pity that, to some extent, he vitiates his own tempt to make possible a more discerning and more sympathetic ding of Congreve by bringing from fresh sources new information ut the boy and the man."

# THAT LAURELLED HEAD

## A Literary Portrait of Lady Gregory

R. F. AYLING

THE CULTURAL and political phenomenon known as the Anglo-Irish literary movement, beginning at the end of the nineteenth century and involving (amongst others) the dramatists and artists associated with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has received a generous allocation of critical assessment and revaluation in the last few years. Definitive editions of the work of the leading writers have either been produced or promised. The late Allan Wade has given us the *Letters of W. B. Yeats* and a Yeats's *Bibliography*. Dan H. Laurence is bringing out the complete Bernard Shaw canon together with a G.B.S. *Bibliography*. The fantastic "Joyce industry" in America has culminated triumphantly in Richard Ellman's fine study of the novelist. J. M. Synge has received deserved, if belated, recognition in David H. Greene's recent biography. Sean O'Casey's 80th birthday last year provoked books from David Krause and Robert Hogan. Alan Denson's Bibliography of A.E.'s work and his long-awaited edition of the *Collected Letters* are to be published later this year. *The Collected Plays* of Denis Johnston have just been issued in two volumes, with provocative introductions to each of six plays contributed by the playwright himself. Indeed, with the publication of Miss Elizabeth Coxhead's new book, *Lady Gregory: A Literary Portrait*,* George Moore is now the only great literary figure of the movement who has not received recognition in recent years. His turn will come eventually, I think; he is a clever writer with a fine prose style, and he occupies a significant position in the Irish Renascence. Sean O'Casey told me recently that he admired the work of Moore and thought his contemporary neglect was a pity—an interesting observation when one considers that few writers are less alike in their life and art than these two.

There are still, however, too few good general books on Anglo-Irish literature and on the Abbey Theatre. Of recent studies, Herbert Howarth's *The Irish Writers: 1880-1940*, is stimulating but deliberately limited in scope, and Gerard Fay's account of the early days of *The Abbey Theatre* is commonplace and pedestrian.

*London, Macmillan, 1961.

iss Coxhead in her interesting portrait makes some comments on e renascence and the Abbey 'school', but her eye is primarily cussed on Lady Gregory and she has little time for general evaluan of the Irish scene. There is great need for critical work to supplent and extend the late Professor Una Ellis-Fermor's study of *e Irish Dramatic Movement.*

Lady Gregory has been neglected since her death in 1932, and ere she has not been ignored she has mostly been derided. Oliver John Gogarty was extremely nasty about Lady Gregory in his *I Was Going Down Sackville Street.* Denis Johnston has always ed her. Miss Coxhead says that the title of his first play, *The Old dy Says 'No!'*, was not intended as a slap at the old lady of the bey; I still think it was, although, of course, Johnston also meant thleen ni Houlihan to be represented. His latest play, *The Sunset l the Scythe*, contains two further ungracious insults to her mory. But the abuse does not end there. St John Ervine's graphy of *Bernard Shaw*, published in 1956, is sub-titled, "His e, Work and *Friends*"; yet he largely ignores the long and valued ndship of Lady Gregory, whom he calls "that monumental low who went about swathed in weeds and crape as if she were een Victoria's understudy". He also ignores the close relationship O'Casey and Shaw in the later years of Shaw's life. When I ıonstrated with him about these omissions, Ervine replied, in ers dated September 12 and December 6, 1958, that O'Casey ; not one of Shaw's friends ("It will surprise me to hear that Sean ; ever in G.B.S.'s house"—quite wrong, incidentally); and that ly Gregory had been over-rated in the past and was not worth ıtioning because she was now forgotten (queer logic!):

> As for Lady Gregory, I have always thought that she received more praise than was her due. Even in regard to the Abbey Theatre, she did far less for the drama than Miss Horniman did. A small volume of one-act plays does not entitle anybody to behave as if she were the equal of Shakespeare. Don't forget that behind G.B.S.'s work was a wide knowledge of a great variety of life. I did not deliberately omit to mention Lady Gregory in the Shaw book. She just did not occur to me. He had many close friends, but this fact did not make all of them material for the book. What would be the point of mentioning those of his intimates who were not known to the general reader in any way whatsoever?

Here we see Ervine's hatred for Lady Gregory and the Abbey, a theatre that he managed for some time until the First World War. The comparison with Miss Horniman is unfair, and Gerard Fay and Miss Coxhead are more reliable in their accounts of the debt which the Abbey owes to both these generous women. A greater dramatist than Ervine or Lady Gregory was made as angry as myself by Ervine's other assertions: Sean O'Casey, in a letter dated December 12, 1958, wrote:

> Ervine is most unfair to Lady Gregory. She wrote a number of three-act plays. *Kincora*, *The Caravans*, *The White Cockade*, *The Image*, *The Dragon—A Wonder Play*, *Shanwalla*, *The Golden Apple*—a lovely fairy play—*The Story Brought by Brigid*. All three-act plays. As well, she translated into Irish dialect a number of Molière's plays and some by Goldoni. She wrote the books *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, *Poets and Dreamers*, *Our Irish Theatre*, and, lastly, *Sancho and His Master*, as well as her journals. This is a long, long way from a "small book of one-act plays". All these while keeping house, minding the theatre, and caring for her Five Woods of Coole. It's lousy to try to diminish this great woman's place in Ireland and the Theatre. Of course she didn't like Ervine. His name or initials aren't on the famous tree in Coole Park; but that doesn't excuse the hiding of facts. Shaw's initials are there; she loved Shaw and he loved her and there is no excuse for neglecting to number her as one of his friends. I have a photo of him and myself sitting on the margin of Coole lake somewhere, and one of Lady Gregory he sent me and another of a handsome young Yeats standing in front of a curtain of Coole foliage . . .

Miss Coxhead's intelligent and loving study is welcome as support for this generous and just estimate. Her portrait helps to put this "woman's powerful character" (the phrase is Yeats's) in perspective within the great creative movement that she did as much as anyone to create and maintain; and it exposes the malice of lesser men.

Bernard Shaw affectionately called her the "charwoman of the Abbey Theatre" and, sure enough, her biographer must spend much time in discussing her invaluable part in the practical day-to-day business of running the theatre and occasionally "mothering" Yeats and Sally Allgood and other associates when she thought it necessary. Miss Coxhead is skilful in bringing mundane matters to life and retelling anecdotes and incidents with animation.

No doubt Miss Coxhead's experience as a popular writer helps r. ("Popular" is not used as a pejorative term: *One Green Bottle* a splendid tribute to the vigour and adventurous spirit still to be ind—though seldom by modern writers, it seems—among young rking people in England. It is a far finer novel than, for instance, an Sillitoe's much praised *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.) e looks at her subject's life and background from the point of w of the novelist; and she imaginatively identifies herself at times h the character of her heroine. Her 'feminist' sympathies are o apparent and usually apposite when evident: her analysis and icism of male domination in Celtic countries is pertinent and well-strated in modern Irish literature.

The early chapters on Isabella Augusta Persse's childhood and rriage are well written. Miss Coxhead puts her finger unerringly on important influences and experiences that moulded her character made her the rebel that she was to become. There is a valuable npse of the life and stir of the great working estate of the Persse's:

> a complete community within itself, comprising a dozen different trades . . . The estate had its own smithy, sawmill, and carpenter's workshops; its coach-houses, cow-houses, dairy, laundry, piggery, kennels. And there was no genteel pretence of keeping these important departments in the background. They were built close to the house, so that everything went on under the Master's eye—and those of his children. The yard at Roxborough was a microcosm of the outside world. There could not be a better place for the future writer of dramatic fiction to absorb her knowledge of human nature, subconsciously and intuitively, as we only do in childhood. One thinks of George Eliot, driving round with her land-agent father, and gaining her incomparable insight into the Midland farming mind. (Miss Coxhead has great love for her fellow Midlander.) No subsequent, deliberately acquired information can ever parallel the vitality of this, and the lack of it, in authors brought up in town flat or suburban villa, is surely one of the most serious deprivations of the present writing age . . . And so, instead of being anglicised by an alien education, as most young people of the Irish upper classes were, she continued the only sort of education that matters to a writer, learning to know and feel intensely her own small corner of the world.

A pertinent observation indeed. No wonder Lady Gregory ha a greater knowledge of working life and people than, for instanc W. B. Yeats. That is where she could help his play-writing most an that is why her contributions to plays like *Kathleen ni Houlihan* ar invaluable. In such plays there is a fine admixture of Yeats' lyricism and abstract idealism, and Lady Gregory's homel peasant idiom and human warmth. Indeed, I agree wholeheartedl with Miss Coxhead that the finest dramatic writing in Yeats's pla *Unicorn from the Stars*, is obviously the work of Lady Gregory. saw this little-known drama on a small Dublin stage in a theat festival there in 1957 and was amazed by its fine stage-craft. It pla beautifully; the rowdy, savage beggar scenes are a theatrical deligh Miss Coxhead's analogy is perceptive:

> It is almost the same destructive ecstasy, amoral and joyou that we find in the gypsies of Synge, and the pity of it is th she [Lady Gregory] never pursued them over any other hi never sounded that particular eerie note again.

Again, the critic is correct when she criticizes Yeats's share in t writing of the play:

> Yeats says of it that "but for the fable and the chi character it is wholly Lady Gregory's work". But the fab and the chief character are just what is wrong with it.

The sacerdotal and didactic elements in the play are present through the chief character, Martin, and these non-dramatic qua ties ruin the play. Yet I think that we should acknowledge that the sympathetically drawn figure of the exiled priest who has stran poetic dreams and fantasies, Yeats is creating a significant symbo figure; he is trying to explore what has become a recurrent Iri stage phenomenon, the 'mad' unfrocked priest who often has greater i sight into Irish life than the sane ordinary folk and the blind orthod clergy. Father John is a visionary; he is a poet; possibly a sai Yeats does not bring him to life; he is dramatically a failure. Y the same kind of character is later to appear more successfully the work of two such down-to-earth dramatists as Bernard Sh and Sean O'Casey in the figures of Keegan in *John Bull's Ot Island* (1904) and Father Boheroe in *The Bishop's Bonfire* (195 In each case it is apparent that these characters are important: th embody many of their authors' own thoughts and ideals. Bear this in mind, Yeats's contribution to *Unicorn from the Stars* is m interesting; but when we compare Yeats's first draft of the pl entitled *Where There is Nothing*, with the final version, we

clearly see that the finest dramatic writing in the play was done by Lady Gregory.

But to return to Miss Coxhead's biography. The 'inside' story of Lady Gregory's life at Roxborough is related in her earliest known piece of writing, the unpublished *An Emigrant's Notebook*, written about 1884 in the early years of her marriage. The extracts from this 'diary' which Miss Coxhead gives us are quite fascinating. Already, long before she has met Yeats, Martyn or Synge, or ever thought of becoming a 'professional' writer, Lady Gregory reveals a gift for character drawing and story-telling; the possession of a fine sense of humour, seen, for instance, in the ingenious argument of Honest John when reproached for allowing weeds on the drive: "Ah sure, wouldn't it be a quare battle there wouldn't be some soldiers left from!"; and a sure, if immature, grasp of language when she describes the old carpenter as "dry and hard as one of his own shavings."

We find at Roxborough, too, the Catholic, Irish-speaking nurse, Mary Sheridan, whose Fenian sympathies had a profound influence on the Ascendancy girl. From her, too, she learnt

> what one might call the folklore side of Catholicism, so that the future Lady Gregory, though all her life she would remain the staunchest of Protestants, could yet enter imaginatively into the minds of Catholic peasant characters, and transpose the gentleness of Irish saintly legend into religious plays acceptable to Catholic and Protestant alike.

Lady Gregory's religious plays were written late in her life; the influence of her life at Roxborough and of Mary Sheridan were therefore lifelong ones.

The book clearly shows the value of her marriage to Sir William Gregory. The young girl was freed from the Persse conservatism and prejudice and became mistress of Coole, "the house of people who had never been afraid to use their brains." Marriage gave her the confidence to start writing; but she had the common sense to realize that the wider social world it introduced her to, that of London dinner-tables and European and Asian travel, was of no use to her imagination, which could "only expand, and create, in the small green world of Roxborough."

The background that Miss Coxhead gives to the marriage and the bridegroom is also interesting:

> Sir William may not appear much of a revolutionary from our standpoint, but from theirs (his own society) he was

almost as much a rebel and traitor to his class as she was t
seem to the next Ascendancy generation.

And a tale which the widowed Lady Gregory told about her isolatio
from her own class in Galway later in her life illustrates the socia
cleavage even more graphically. And in it, before the advent of th
Irish literary revival, she identifies herself more with the peasar
culture of Ireland than with the values of the land-owning Ascend
ancy. In Miss Coxhead's words:

> She identified Raftery's grave in Killeenan churchyard fro
> an old man who had helped to dig it as a boy, and sh
> arranged that a stone should be cut and put up. (Raftery wa
> a wandering Irish bard.) "And as I went back along th
> silent road," she tells us in *Poets and Dreamers*, the first o
> her folklore books, "there was suddenly a sound of horse
> and a rushing and waving about me, and I found myself i
> the midst of the County Galway Foxhounds, come back fro
> cub-hunting. The English M.F.H. and his wife rode by, an
> I wondered if they had ever heard of the poet whose last roa
> this had been. Most likely not, for it is only among the peop
> that his name has been kept in remembrance." Already sh
> and the English M.F.H. were living in different worlds.

After Sir William's death Lady Gregory became conscious of th
first stirrings of the Irish Renascence, and friendly with Yeat
Martyn and Symons. Coole Park became even more importan
here she entertained the poets and writers of the movement; an
eventually, Yeats was to spend several months each year, resting an
writing, there. Coole allowed her to be patron as well as hostes
But, as Elizabeth Coxhead comments:

> The significance of Coole in her development has not,
> think, been properly appreciated. It was not a free poet
> hotel which she ran as a sort of literary social-climber.
> was her principal opportunity of sharing in what was going o

And soon her share was a large one.

She was energetic in her search for folk-lore. She went out to fin
whatever she heard rumoured. But, as Miss Coxhead wittily note
"like most seekers after the supernatural, Lady Gregory general
found herself a generation too late." The energy she spent, howeve
gave something back to her writing. In squeezing information, a
she squeezed the secrets of herb-healing from old Bridget Ruane, o
in travelling distances to interview a legendary personage, she linke
herself with the colour and textures of her land, the habits, absurd

ties, and tribulations of the Galway peasantry.

She helped Hyde with a scenario for a play and Yeats with some dialogue; then she actively collaborated in writing plays with them for the Abbey. Later she became a director of the theatre and one of its leading playwrights.

Miss Coxhead traces Lady Gregory's literary friendships: she obviously has love for Douglas Hyde and Sean O'Casey, and respect for J. M. Synge and W. B. Yeats. There are also a few words of appreciation for the much maligned Edward Martyn:

> In any history of the Abbey, Martyn is bound to seem a rather futile figure, but in fact his fine artistic and musical taste enabled him to use his money in ways of which the effects are still being felt.

She instances the beautiful carving, metal work, vestments, embroideries and, above all, stained glass art in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Loughrea; Martyn was friend and advisor to the first two bishops of Clonfert who were responsible for commissioning the artists concerned.

The Abbey was a poets' workshop as well as a poets' theatre; and one of the most fascinating aspects is the large-scale literary collaboration, reminiscent of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, that took place in the early days of its existence. Lady Gregory was most prolific in such activity, and Miss Coxhead devotes two vigorous chapters to a discussion of her creative participation in the work of Hyde, Yeats and Synge.

Perhaps the critic's liking for Hyde as a man makes her overvalue his importance as a writer and translator, and certainly she over-estimates his knowledge and mastery of the spoken Irish language. Miss Coxhead was most emphatic that his Irish was better than his English, when I first disputed the point with her. But David Green, Professor of Irish at Trinity College, Dublin, wrote to me recently:

> She is quite wrong. I am old enough to have heard Douglas Hyde speak Irish on many occasions and have talked to him myself; he spoke it well enough, but unmistakably as one to whom it was an acquired language, and there is no question of comparing it with his English. His written Irish is correct, but not nearly as vigorous as his English. And he had to work at it; on p. 31 of his book *Mise agus an Conradh* (1937) he printed a poem he wrote in 1884, calling attention to errors which he had made in it!

Lady Gregory gave more than she gained in collaboration with Douglas Hyde.

W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory: the names can never be dissociated. So much of Yeats's finest work was composed at Coole; and his great debt to her friendship, encouragement, and creative literary collaboration is obviously inestimable. Miss Coxhead appreciates that "by and large he probably gave her more than he took away" and that "she would certainly not have chosen to be without him;" but she is equally emphatic that Yeats's influence was in many ways crippling if not wholly destructive.

She brings three charges against the poet and argues her case most convincingly. She says that "as an organising team" Lady Gregory and Yeats were superb, but as a creating team "they were temperamentally at cross-purposes." She asserts that Yeats had a lyric genius and not a dramatic one such as Lady Gregory possessed, and goes on to show that the latter's attempts to make Yeats's plays actable were "a waste of her talent", and that "she put precious material into his plays which could not benefit them and ought to have been saved for her own."

Miss Coxhead is often amusing at the expense of Yeats. She censures his pontifical egotism and his critical dogmatism. What she says about him seems borne out by the personal testimony of Sean O'Casey in his autobiography and by Monk Gibbon in his recent study, *The Masterpiece and the Man: Yeats as I knew him.* She declares:

> The superb polemical authority which made Yeats the fighting leader of the movement was also bound, as time went on, to alienate those of his contemporaries who considered themselves his intellectual equals.

Her most damaging charge, however, is that in some of his criticisms of her work Yeats discouraged Lady Gregory, and sapped her confidence in herself as a writer: "over specific pieces of work, his attitude of negative criticism and deflation did her harm." In supporting this point, Miss Coxhead makes an intriguing statement and supports it by reference to George Eliot, with whom(she claims) Lady Gregory has a good deal in common. She says: "Failure of nerve is a malady to which women writers are peculiarly prone." Lady Gregory's "failures are never, it seems to me, the result of hurrying or skimping; they are failures of nerve . . . too often one feels that she is defeated before she begins."

Miss Coxhead makes out a good case against Yeats's interference

n Lady Gregory's creative work; his dogmatic criticism also led him o influence her against producing O'Casey's *The Silver Tassie* at the Abbey. She later regretted this decision, which cost her the intimate riendship of O'Casey, and lost the Abbey a dramatist who was closer than any other to the hearts and minds of its audiences. Miss Coxhead's chapter on the friendship between O'Casey and Lady Gregory is excellent; she comes close to the personalities of both; nd her judgments on such plays as *The Plough and the Stars* and *The Silver Tassie* are just and perceptive.

Miss Coxhead is also a good judge of the dramatic strength and chievement of J. M. Synge. She believes that Lady Gregory's plays orm the natural complement to those of Synge; we rob his plays of dimension if we ignore hers. She demonstrates that the exploitaion of the Kiltartan dialect in her translations of the old Gaelic agas influenced Synge's use of idiomatic speech in his drama.

In her plays, Gaelic speech rhythms are often used to rilliant effect and, indeed, in plays such as *Hyacinth Halvey*, as Elizabeth Coxhead points out, "The contrast is in itself piquant etween the elegance of the rhythm and the artlessness of what the haracters actually say." But sometimes the Kiltartan idiom is verdone; artificially contrived, it strives too obviously to be naive nd artless. It becomes, in other words, a 'gimmick'. The following xtract from *MacDonough's Wife* seems to me to be false and thin n feeling:

> I to bring you travelling, you were the best traveller and the best stepper, and the best that ever faced the western blast, and the waves of it blowing from you the shawl! I to be sore in the heart from walking you would make a smile of a laugh. I would not feel the road having your company; I would walk every whole step of Ireland.

ut if there is a failure in language and sensibility at times, we must lways recognize her great innovation: what she inaugurated was a nvention, a convention on which a genius like Synge could build. ut Miss Coxhead is careful to add:

> This is not in any sense to imply that the language of Lady Gregory is 'better' than that of Synge; considered as literature it is not anything like so varied and colourful. But in fact the comparison should not arise. Lady Gregory's language is right for her purpose, as Synge's is for his. The wild music of Synge would be as much out of place in the mouths of her characters as would the sonorous splendour of

> Yeats's verse . . . On the contrary, Lady Gregory is the natura complement to Synge; the ear which can catch the charm o her gentle notes is all the better fitted to appreciate the thunde of his. So, after a week listening to the sea's surge and th gull's crying along the cliffs of Inishmaan, does one return i contentment to the blackbirds and thrushes of the Cool lakeside, and even to the homely cackle of the poultry yard

The finest service that Lady Gregory did Synge, however, was t fight for *The Playboy of the Western World* as valiantly as an woman has ever fought for a work of art. Not only did she gallantl battle for the play against mob-censorship in Dublin, but also i America during the Abbey tour in 1911. Her fight for *The Playbo* provides many exciting pages in the biography; all the more amazing then, is the fact (which I learnt for the first time from Miss Coxhead that she hated the play for which she did more than anyone else t gain universal recognition!

In one of his letters to Olivia Shakespeare, W. B. Yeats wrote o Lady Gregory that "she is a great prude so far as what others sa to her is concerned" (Yeats's *Letters*, ed. Wade, p. 706); the poe then goes on to relate an anecdote which proves a striking exception

Miss Coxhead takes a great deal of trouble to contest the ide that the old lady was a prude; but there *was* a Victorian, Protestan high-school side to her character and this puritanism is shown i her critical attitude to *The Playboy* and to O'Casey's *The Silve Tassie*. Of her reaction to the latter play, she records in her *Journal* (p. 110), after recommending that the Abbey reject the play:

> I did not say either to Yeats or to Lennox Robinson tha I disliked the song of the Doctor and the scene in the las act about the girl's loosened dress and the like, knowing the would join against me on that subject (and especially afte my objection to that scene in Lennox Robinson's new play) And I have some hope that the censor may strike these ou in London, though I have not much knowledge of what i now allowed there.

In an amused aside, in a letter dated March 21, 1958, O'Case gave the reasons for the only change made in *The Plough and th Stars* at its first performance at the Abbey in 1926: the cutting o "the song in the pub scene, the bawdy one."

> Lady G. had read the script, but hadn't mentioned it After the play had been accepted, before Yeats asked me t visit him, I spent a week or more in Coole Park . . .

guessed in some way, she had missed out the song, or didn't get its bawdy meaning; and I was very fond of her, and didn't wish to hurt her in any way. So I casually mentioned the bawdy song in the second act. My! how she fluttered. Well, I hushed her by telling her that I had no objection to its removal—simply for her sake.

I give these instances of her prudery for no spiteful purpose, but to dispute Miss Coxhead's contention. Indeed, the fact that Lady Gregory put art before prudery in championing both *The Playboy* and *The Plough* before hostile audiences, proves the truth of Herbert Howarth's statement:

> In the long run the interest of her life lies in the way she pressed beyond what birth gave her . . . She managed to carry a strength from her orthodoxy and the complacent power in her class, and assimilate it to the touch of revolutionary poetry in her.

And a letter from Sean O'Casey to her in 1928 reinforces this tribute:

> You can always walk with your head up. And remember you had to fight against your birth and position and comfort, as others had to fight against their birth into hardship and poverty, and it is as difficult to come out of one as it is to come out of the other, so that power may be gained to bring fountains and waters out of the hard rocks.

She was, indeed, a fascinating and gallant woman, and well worthy of Miss Coxhead's fine literary portrait. May there be for her in the future, at the very least, that respect for which Yeats asked:

> A moment's memory to that laurelled head.

# THE SELF IN HOPKINS

P. A. ONESTA

Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul.
*Psalm* 69

THE UTTERANCE of the psalmist sums up what Hopkins must have felt during the period of stress which produced the sonnets of 1885. The central feature of this stress seems to be his attitude to self.

What is the importance of self to Hopkins? It is the dependence of self on God; the soul in sin, that is, out of grace, suffers. This agony of spirit becomes Christ's (carrying man's sin) when he cries from the cross:

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

A self, then, is in or out of grace, and rejoices or suffers accordingly. These states of the self are the themes of many of Hopkins's poems.

The self comes into being through God. Each human being has existed potentially in God; it is only with the "accession of nature"[1] that a self is realized as a separate individual. Hence self may be defined as "the intrinsic oneness of a thing, which is prior to its being."[2] This self or personality is the distinguishing mark of an individual. We may share our natures with other people, but we cannot share our selves with them.

Hopkins has identified the self with moral freedom. Speaking of the self he says

> . . . so far as it is prior to nature, that is to say/so far as it is a definite self, . . . it is identified with pitch, moral pitch, determination of right and wrong.[3]

Nature is not to be taken as meaning simply the state in which the self can exercise choice. Nature is not a neutral factor, but because it is tied to the self, has become tainted by the first wrong choice, that made in the Garden of Eden. It is not that nature chooses evil—nature is, in fact, morally blind. The conclusion of

[1]'On Personality, Grace and Free Will', *The Sermons and Devotional Writings of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. Christopher Devlin S.J., (Oxford, 1959) [referred to later as *The Sermons*].
[2]ibid. p. 146.
[3]ibid. p. 148.

*he Brothers* (*Poems*, third edition, ed. W. H. Gardner, 1949) reads:

Ah Nature, framed in fault,
There's comfort then, there's salt;
Nature, bad, base and blind,
Dearly thou canst be kind;
There dearly thèn, deàrly,
I'll cry thou canst be kind. (No. 54)

n *The Handsome Heart* this moral blindness is also implicit:

What the heart is! which, like carriers let fly—
Doff darkness, homing nature knows the rest—
To its own fine function, wild and self-instressed,
Falls light as ten years long taught how to and why.

luman nature does not choose either good or evil. It is in the ombination of self with nature that freedom enters.

> It is the self then that supplies the determination, the difference, but the nature that supplies the exercise, and in these two things freedom consists. [4]

reedom needs to be given a context or situation in which to act, nd this context is defined by what Hopkins calls "freedom of field" nd "freedom of play": "freedom of play is in the execution; freeom of field is in the object, the field of choice". [5]

In his poetry, however, Hopkins appears to have contradictory ews about the freedom of the self. In the stanza quoted above om *The Handsome Heart* (No. 51), we see that the heart has a atural tendency to good. In *Ribblesdale* (No. 58), a different ature of man is indicated:

Ah, the heir
To his own selfbent so bound, so tied to his turn, . . .

here is actually no contradiction here between "selfbent" (No. 58) nd the natural "fine function" of the heart (No. 51). The difrence lies in the two aspects of the will, the "arbitrium" and the affective will". [5] The latter is disposed to good. That part of the ill which is prior to nature is pitch or "arbitrium". [5] Pitch is entified with ability to choose, and this is moral freedom proper. he word "heart" (No. 51) appears to denote the "affective will". [5]

In a poem beginning "The times are nightfall" (No. 112), opkins, thinking of the moral world, sees "a world undone". nce, though, the world is made up of individual choices, it is in oice that the possibility of change lies:

ibid. p. 147.
ibid. p. 149 ff.

There is your world within.
There rid the dragons, root out there the sin.
Your will is law in that small commonweal. (No. 112)

The will as equated with law is clearly "arbitrium".[5]

As the problem of freedom is sketched here, it has not included the working of grace. God's love may interfere with the freedom of the will, by closing freedom of field to it.

> God having moved the affective will to an act (*actum exercitum*) of consent the *arbitrium* is passive. It cannot dissent, for want of motive.[6]

This suspension of freedom is temporary. God then seeks the slightest choice of the will, even flicker of desire, for grace to be able to continue:

> For there must be something which shall be truly the creature's in the work of corresponding with grace: this is the *arbitrium*, the verdict on God's side . . .[7]

Man may, nevertheless, reject constraining grace, the grace by which man may be led to desire God's continued working within him. Self may choose evil, and, in becoming alienated from God, weds itself to its choice. While it remains in this graceless state, it will not, by itself, change its inclination:

> if it were ever the relation of mere self towards that object it would be necessary and unchangeable, though free. (*Sermons*, p. 153)

Man lives that list, that leaning in the will
No wisdom can forecast by guage or guess,
The selfless self of self, most strange, most still,
Fast hurled and all foredrawn to No or Yes.
*On The Portrait of two Beautiful Young People* (No. 119)

This discussion of being in the state of grace helps to clarify the above stanza, since it is into the state of spiritual atrophy that constraining grace enters, "leaning" (No. 119) the will temporally Godward.

Some light is thrown, too, on the lines from *The Wreck of the Deutschland* (No. 28)

stealing as Spring
Through him, melt him but master him still:

where the apparently contradictory verbs "melt" and "master" fuse

[5]ibid. p. 149 ff.
[6]ibid. p. 150.
[7]ibid. p. 154.

eaningly. The difficulty is that while we can understand how the ill can be moved towards good, this does not explain why the will "foredrawn", fixed already (before it has the power to exercise) n the path towards, or away from, grace.

We ought to distinguish carefully between the freedom the artist as in making, and the freedom involved in moral choice. To opkins the apparent freedom of the artist, as artist, is not real. In eing that which we are, we do what we must:

> Not free in this because
> His powers seemed free to play:
> He swept what scope he was
> To sweep and must obey.
>
> *On a Piece of Music* (No. 110)

Iusic is the expression of what the musician is.

In examining himself, Hopkins finds self. It is not just an idea, it a unique experience:

> Searching nature I taste *self* but at one tankard, that of my own being.[8]

is the taste that is important. Similarly, things—stone, metal, ood—give out their distinctive natures, especially in motion. That hich is the object, the existing characteristic or pattern that makes object what it is, is called inscape. The existing pattern must be en before assuming meaning or beauty:

> Observe that motion multiplies inscape only when inscape is discovered, otherwise it disfigures.[9]

ving things, other than persons, have selves which they cannot lp but express. The following may be taken as the theme of a mber of Hopkins's poems:

> Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
> Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
>
> *As Kingfishers catch Fire* (No. 57)

is is the connotation of the verb "selves" in the poem.

Things do not have consciousness, they have characteristics which ake them what they are. Living things, however, have selves, both alized and potential. Self is not present finally; it is organic. In ing buds there is "a new world of inscape".[10] Inscape is present ntinuously. Of the Horned Violet Hopkins writes:

First Principle and Foundation', *The Sermons*, p. 123.
ee under date May 14, 1870, *The Note-Books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. Humphrey House, (Oxford University Press, 1937), p. 133.
id. p. 141 under 1871: March-April.

Even in withering the flower ran through beautiful inscapes by the screwing up of the petals . . .[11]

Living things should grow to natural fulfilment, since it is in this that harmony consists. In *As Kingfishers catch Fire* (No. 57) Hopkins describes the inscapes of things. In the process of 'selving' is filfulment, whether it be the flash of dragonfiies or the speaking of bells. In these activities there is a pattern of doing, a fulfilment in movement.

Some of the ways in which we reach this state are: response to running water *Inversnaid* (No. 56), the power of spring *Spring* (No. 33), the skylark's song *The Sea and the Skylark* (No. 35), the jigsaw-like landscape *Pied Beauty* (No. 37), the flow of thick oil *God's Grandeur* (No. 31), bright fish markings *Pied Beauty* (No. 37), earthy smells *In the Valley of the Elwy* (No. 40). Man is a part of this environment, in fact man is earth speaking *Ribblesdale* (No. 58), and without man the environment is not complete.[12] A person is, however, different from other living things in that he is "a rational (that is/intellectual) supposit."[13]

To find completion, man must be united with God, and this rushes in on Hopkins, as he exhilarates:

I lift up heart, eyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour.
*Hurrahing in Harvest* (No. 38)

The uniting of men with God is through grace, "God's better beauty" *To what serves Mortal Beauty?* (No. 61). I said at the beginning of this essay that it is the state of man's self in relation to God that concerns Hopkins. It is in consciousness of self (not what is usually meant by self-consciousness) that the presence or absence of grace is shown. Without grace man is, as we saw, "mere self".[14]

The above remarks have some bearing on Hopkins's poem *Henry Purcell* (No. 45). Hopkins's approval of Purcell's "rehearsal of own" is an approval of Purcell's expression of self. Hopkins wishes Purcell to be in grace, and he feels strongly that this must be the case: the consciousness of self which is the result of a lack of grace, is not found in Purcell, as the sestet shows:

Let him oh! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me!
only I'll

[11]ibid. p. 149 under June, 1871.
[12]Conversely, in *The Valley of the Elwy*, the plea for those who do not "correspond" to the "world of Wales" is for God's completion of His work.
[13]'On Personality, Grace and Freewill', *The Sermons*, p. 146.
[14]ibid. p. 153.

Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moonmarks, to his
pelted plumage under
Wings: so some great stormfowl, whenever he has walked
his while
The thunder-purple seabeach plumèd purple-of-thunder,
If a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal
smile
Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with wonder.

Hence the "rehearsal of own", the "abrupt self" which Purcel[1] xpresses becomes a sign not only of his greatness as a composer, ut also of his spiritual stature.

God becomes the purifier of the self in *Carrion Comfort* (No. 64). his was not the first time that Hopkins had expressed this idea. n *The Wreck of the Deutschland* (No. 28), he says urgently:

Wring thy rebel, dogged in den,
Man's malice, with wrecking and storm.

Iopkins's difficulty in *Carrion Comfort* is that he is inclined to rink from joining his will to God's. Hopkins knows the intrinsic eauty of this raising of self, but he also knows the struggle involved. he sonnet is written at a point in the struggle. This is why he is not ire whether he should "cheer" God or himself:

O which one? is it each one? (No. 64)

e does not answer explicitly.

The sonnets of this late period might, perhaps, be seen as moments insight as well as of struggle. The burden of desolation can be en as a new moment of grace, as a heightening of the self.

God then can shift the self that lies in one to a higher, that is/better, pitch of itself.[15]

o apply this to the sonnets is to see them in an ultimate light. *Spelt from Sybil's Leaves* and the sonnet beginning "I wake and el" (No. 69), are related thematically, The "arbitrium" is capable good and evil, the "black, white" which all life comes dowu to, *Spelt from Sybil's Leaves*. Hence, when grace has dried up, owledge of the evil, the black in one, becomes to the aware con- ence, unpalatable: "my taste was me" (No. 69). This is the ack" in *Spelt from Sybil's Leaves*. The important thing about e's torture is that it springs "selfwrung, selfsprung" (No. 62), ce we are conscious of right and wrong, when right and wrong come meaningful.

bid. p. 1

The spirit has the function of expanding towards good. Hopkins feels the limiting power of the body. This is partly the theme of *The Caged Skylark* (No. 39). The caged lark is the symbol of man's spirit tied to his body. At times the spirit rebels; however,

> Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,
> But uncumbered: (No. 39)

Hence what limits growth and fulfilment of the spirit is the power of wrong choice. This binds man's spirit, and it is in the body that this is known:

> Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. (No. 69)

The self-conflict, which, in *Spelt from Sybil's Leaves*, is that of all men, becomes specifically Hopkins's own, in No. 69. At this point knowledge of self is seen—tasted—as punishment, and with increase of evil, the elusive self becomes clearer and fuller. Damnation would presumably be this sort of knowledge, crowding out other awarenesses in a self-awareness and self-knowledge from which there is no escape.

May this not be a way of interpreting the death that follows Adam's and Eve's eating of the fruit of *knowledge* in Paradise? They are aware of their nakedness, their separateness from God which follows the lack of grace. The damned are "worse" (No. 69) than Hopkins, because of the completeness of their separation. This self-awareness may be compared to reflections in innumerable mirrors, vibrant with sameness.

The partial self-awareness, sourness, which is awareness of self without grace, is not the last thing Hopkins experienced and wrote about. In *My own Heart* (No. 71), there is a desire for self-acceptance. The horizon of light (lines 13-14) seems to be an image of grace stealing into the soul, making self-acceptance possible.

> leave comfort root-room; let joy size
> At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
> 'S not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather—as skies
> Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

The growth of self is not completely free from hazard. Part of the journey, "a lovely mile", is bright, but not the entire distance. This attitude is in contrast to the *willing* of self-preservation in *Carrion Comfort*.

Self-acceptance seems to be desired, more than obtained, by Hopkins. In *My own Heart* the mind is "tormented" and "tormenting" (No. 71). In awaiting patience Hopkins knows how

difficult "the verdict on God's side",[16] the movement of the will towards accepting grace, is; nevertheless

> the rebellious wills
> Of us we do bid God bend to him even so.
> *Patience, Hard Thing!* (No. 70)

Patience and a desire for self-acceptance can also be found in the sonnet *Thou art indeed Just* (No. 74). Three lines (5-7) show signs of near rebellion at the purposes of God;

> Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
> How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
> Defeat, thwart me?

But the rest of the sonnet is more collected, and wells up in lines of extraordinary richness.

We seem to see Hopkins waiting for a change of season, from winter to spring (see poems Nos. 74, 75); he had, indeed, already had a foretaste of that change. In *My own Heart* and in *Patience* (No. 70), the endings are confident. Three years after *Carrion Comfort* Hopkins wrote *That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire* (No. 72). In this sonnet the future designed for man, because of his co-operation with God's grace, is realized. Spiritual life is a changing of old to new self:

> Grace . . . carries the creature to or towards the end of its being, which is its selfsacrifice to God and its salvation.[17]

This sonnet rings out the "heart's clarion", where the unessential aspects of self fall away, and the redeemed spirit burns with God.

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My thanks are due to Professor W. H. Gardner and Mr J. I. Cronin, for generous suggestions and constructive comments on the first draft of this essay.]

[16] Ibid. p. 154.
[17] Ibid. p. 154.

# THE TEMPER OF PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE CONCERN WITH NATURAL DETAIL

R. A. FORSYTH

EVEN AT ITS inception, and despite the 'religious' belief of its members that 'Truth to Nature' was the only foundation of genuine Art, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was a loose association. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for instance, was paradoxically both an initiator and a central figure, and yet the most undisciplined member of the fraternity—and in later years was irritated even by people's interest in it. The group soon ceased to function as an effective unit,[1] and it is characteristic that the disintegration was brought about not only because some of the original group emigrated, or had matured into highly individualistic artists, but also because of an attempted imposition by William Rossetti of rules of procedure, and a code of belief.[2]

Although it was alien to the temper of the Brotherhood to issue a definite manifesto of their aims—its members preferring to demonstrate their beliefs pragmatically by the extensive exhibition of their paintings—they did, however, at the instigation of Gabriel Rossetti publish in 1849 a sixpenny monthly magazine entitled, *The Germ: Thoughts towards Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art.* Oswald Doughty in his authoritative study of Rossetti justly observes that the magazine contains no "brilliant exposition of Pre-Raphaelite theory." He goes on to suggest in passing, however, that there is a "rough coherence in the various articles dealing with aesthetic matters."[3] It seems reasonable then, to examine this solitary communal production to discover what underlying ideas held together, even though only temporarily, the tenuous fellowship of revolutionary enthusiasts.

The publishing venture was certainly not a financial success

[1]By 1853, according to W. M. Rossetti, "secretary" of the Movement: see, 'The P.R.B. Journal 1849-53'. In *Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters.* ed. by W. M. Rossetti (London, 1900), p. 308.

[2]See, 'P. R. B. Journal' p. 293, 295, 308.

[3]O. Doughty, *A Victorian Romantic, Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (London, 1949) p. 96.

perhaps because of the cumbersome title with its unfortunate associations. Less than a third of the first issue of seven hundred copies was sold, and with even less support for the second, the magazine survived its unpopularity only through the financial support of Tupper, a sympathetic printer. Tupper's generosity soon reached its limit, however, and despite the adoption after the second issue of a more explicit if less suggestive title—*Art and Poetry : being Thoughts towards Nature*—publication ceased after the fourth issue.

*The Germ* is now a rare bibliographical curiosity. Part of its interest for us rests clearly in the early association with it, directly or incidentally, of some who were to become famous in various fields of artistic creation—in poetry, for instance, there are early works by Rossetti and his sister Christina, and by Coventry Patmore. Even these, however, were insufficient to alleviate the general mediocrity of the Brothers' literary efforts. But understood properly in the context of its motivating principle "to encourage and enforce an entire adherence to the simplicity of Nature," the merit and importance of the magazine is more correctly understood if it is regarded (as an earlier rejected title suggested) as the *Seed* of revolt against contemporary values generally, and against current attitudes to artistic creations in particular. It was a revolt which had a widespread influence on English literature, and ironically flourished into the cult of "fleshliness" which Robert Buchanan criticized so sharply, and also of Aestheticism of which Walter Pater was to become the high priest. The nature of the revolt defines the temper of Pre-Raphaelitism at its inception.

The essence of the romantic creed of Pre-Raphaelitism finds its best expression perhaps in Gabriel Rossetti's 'Hand and Soul' (*The Germ* I), the fictional history of a thirteenth-century Italian painter, Chiaro dell' Erma. The painter's spiritual struggle towards maturity is recorded with a mystical intensity that is echoed in the strange and tragic relationship of the author and Elizabeth Siddal in later years. She was indeed the very soul whom he portrayed in the sonnets of *The House of Life*, and in the paintings, 'How they met each other' —the tortured culmination of his imaginative identification with Dante, painted whilst on honeymoon in 1860—and in 'Beata Beatrix', painted in 1863 after his wife's death, and for which she had seemed to her husband to pose in spirit. She was the inspiration of Rossetti's hand whether it held pen or brush and his intimate relationship with this passive 'stunner' is forecast in the spiritual enlightenment of the medieval Chiaro, whose embodied Soul exhorts

him to "take now thine art unto thee, and paint me thus, as I am, to know me; only with eyes which seek out labour, and with a faith, not learned, yet jealous of prayer. Do this; so shall thy soul stand before thee always, and perplex thee no more."[4]

Before this startling revelation, however, Chiaro had passed through many stages of growth. He painted before the time of Raphael whose style led to the subsequent corruption of artistic portrayal through flamboyance and renaissance excess. Chiaro, on the other hand, guided by his almost religious vision, achieved a purity of style, and an honesty in the interpretation of Nature, which was to become the ideal of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. His early awareness of his artistic potentialities was so great that while still a youth, he came to the firm if precocious conclusion that he could outstrip the lifeless productions of the great Guinta Pisano. He set to work, and within a few years was famous. Worldly fame he soon found to be an empty reward, however, and he therefore directed his art toward symbolic moralizing. As a result his painting became unpopular, and he had also not yet achieved peace of mind and soul. After a tormented struggle with himself, his true purpose was revealed by the embodiment of his Soul, who exhorted him to paint her with fearless honesty. He began at once, and "while he worked, his face grew solemn with knowledge," and having finished, "he felt weak and haggard; like one just come out of a dusk, hollow country, bewildered with echoes, where he had lost himself."[5]

Chiaro's history is a weird prophecy of Rossetti's own life, leading to the misery of his later years; but its importance here is the aesthetic values on which they founded their single existence. The central feature of that life is a devotion to the mystical search for the 'Holy Grail' of the artistic soul. This search through its implied rejection of established masters and their modes, involves its counterpart of complete reliance on the artist's own individual perceptions and response. To seek for fame, or to moralize overtly in Art, is not only worthless and unsatisfying, but constitutes also a corruption of the true character of the artist. And furthermore, this absolute attainment, Truth, can be achieved only by a rigid adherence to natural fact unspoiled by any theoretical perversions. As J. L. Tupper suggested in 'The Subject of Art' (*The Germ* III), "works of Fine Art affect the beholder in the same ratio as the *natural prototypes* of those works would affect him; and not in pro-

[4]*The Germ*, 1850, p. 31.
[5]ibid. p. 32.

portion to the difficulties overcome in the artificial presentation of those prototypes."[6]

These beliefs, with individual variations, formed the central core of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, and its members ranged them against the lack of inventive character and significant ideas in contemporary art. Instead of the slavish copying of traditional techniques and themes, they stressed the vigorous honesty of accurate personal perception of the world about them. And by their concern with the precise and imaginative representation of natural detail, they hoped to exorcise the evil techniques of "sloshiness,"[7] as they described what was in their view the careless imitation characteristic of contemporary work. Instead of the current "landscapes" of heavy and uninspired sombreness, they wished to portray minutely accurate re-creations of natural phenomena. One finds, for example, Millais, before his defection from what William Bell Scott termed the "principal executive tenet" of the fraternity,[8] wanting to paint, "a hedge (as a subject) to the closest point of imitation, with a bird's nest — a thing which has never been attempted."[9]

In their revolt against conformity in technique and subject, and their hostility to established impersonal patterns of response, the Brotherhood was clearly influenced by the Romantics. Their painting of many scenes based on Keats's ornate and sensuous descriptions was not fortuitous,[10] and their veneration for the world of Natural fact was to some degree inspired and enhanced by Romantic poets, though more particularly by the religious aesthetic of John Ruskin. Years later Ruskin was to acknowledge "the more or less active fellowship with [the movement] which, unrecognised, I had held from the beginning,"[11] and that he had been in principle the first of the Pre-Raphaelites.[12] And the undisclosed relationship was mutual, for Holman Hunt in later life recalled that he had introduced the first volume of *Modern Painters* to the Fraternity in its embryonic stage, and it had immediately established itself as a vital

[6] *The Germ*, 1850, p. 118.
[7] See 'P.R.B. Journal' p. 264.
[8] McIlvaine Osgood, *Autobiographical Notes of the life of William Bell Scott* (London, 1892), vol. 1, p. 278.
[9] 'P.R.B. Journal' p. 212.
[10] G. Ford, *Keats and the Victorians* (Yale, 1942) lists a dozen drawings and paintings done by Pre-Raphaelites on "Keatsian" subjects. See: Appendix to ch. 8, p. 181.
[11] *The Works of John Ruskin* ed. by Cook and Wedderburn (London, 1903-12), 39 vols. vol. 34, p. 162.
[12] ibid., p. 127.

part of their creed.[13] It seemed inevitable, therefore, when in 1851, Eastlake, President of the Academy, supported by the Press, violently criticized various Pre-Raphaelite paintings for their "blasphemous" treatment of holy subjects, that it was Ruskin who stamped the Movement with the seal of respectability and integrity by his formidable rhetoric in two letters to *The Times*.[14] Instead of denouncing their "profanity", he acclaimed rather the meticulous integrity of their work, saying that "there has been nothing in art so earnest or so complete . . . since the days of Albert Dürer".[15] The Movement won his massive support because in following honestly their own instinct, its members had put into practice his earlier advice to young artists in *Modern Painters*, that, "they should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing." And it is relevant to note here Ruskin's response to the central question, "What is the real end of landscape art?" which he debated when considering the subject of his early masterpiece.

> And then the conviction that it had been entirely degraded and mistaken, that it might become an instrument of gigantic moral power, and that the demonstration of this high function, and the elevation of the careless sketch or conventional composition into the studied sermon and inspired poem, was an end worthy of my utmost labour—and of no short expenditure of life.[16]

Millais's unfulfilled intention to paint "a hedge (as a subject) to the closest point of imitation", if taken as a characteristic venture, might well lead a hostile critic to repudiate the Movement on the grounds that it encouraged mere technical dexterity. The operative phrase is "as a subject". And Ruskin, in a letter to the *Witness* in 1858, warned against the incipient temptation of zealously putting "too much into their pictures".[17] But fellow brethren themselves seem to have realized the limitations imposed on their creativity by such an extreme intention, as the subject remained "a thing which has never been attempted." And their realization resulted not only from a sense of limitation or difficulty of execution, but more posi-

[13] *Contemporary Review* 49. 1886.
[14] *The Works of John Ruskin* vol. 12, Part II, sections 4 and 5.
[15] A. C. Benson, *Rossetti* (London, 1916), p. 25.
[16] Letter to his former tutor Rev. Osborne Gordon, 10th March, 1844. *The Works of John Ruskin*, vol. 12, Part III, p. 665-6.
[17] *The Works of John Ruskin* vol. 14, p. 329.

tively from a serious concern with the real subject of art, which was complementary to their concern with detail. This relationship has already been touched on incidentally, and in expanding it I hope to show more explicitly the nature of the revolt which instigated the Movement—to show the relationship between "hand and soul", which culminated in Chiaro's artistic triumph.

Through the painstaking application of Ruskin's aesthetic doctrine of Nature, the Brotherhood hoped to eradicate the profane tendencies which had resulted in post-Raphael art from the "introduction of false and meretricious ornament."[18] They therefore held up as their masters the old Italian painters, who had looked with pious eyes on "the simple chastity of nature."[19] The values of these Victorians living in a rapidly changing age, were, however, not defined and precise as were their mentors', but were, rather, complex and emotional. Indeed, regarded broadly, their revolt was not merely against stiff and obsolete Academy rules, but rather against the stultifying sprirtual atmosphere of the times in which these 'rules', and others such as *laissez-faire*, held sway. For them, art was the most important means by which the spirit of man might be released from the frustrating materialism in which he found himself in the heart of Victorian prosperity. The task of the artist, in their view, was to redeem the time, and they contended that he could hope to persuade the world of the spiritual value of his creations only if he was inspired by what Matthew Arnold later called "high seriousness". And again, similar to Arnold's stress on the significance of "great human action",[20] is J. L. Tupper's exhortation in his article in 'The Subject of Art' that "Art shall regard the general happiness of man, by addressing those attributes which are peculiarly human."[21] Artistic expression, then, signified for them both human dignity and vitality, and a revolt against those elements in society that denied the individual and crushed the flowering of his spirit. The truly human life was to be an earnest discipline and defence against such anarchic enemies; and F. G. Stephens ("John Seward") in an article significantly entitled, 'The Purpose and Tendency of early Italian Art', urges his readers to "recollect that your portion in this is most important; that your share is with the poet's share; that, in every careless thought or neglected doubt, you shelve your

*The Germ* No. 2, 1850, p. 62.
ibid. 1850.
M. Arnold. Preface to Poems, 1853.
*The Germ* No. 1, 1850, p. 17.

duty, and forsake your trust."[22] This was the rallying call of thes young and enthusiastic opponents of Philistinism.

It was not by chance that they styled themselves a Brotherhood for their basic impulse, though ephemeral, was 'religious', and th quality of life they wished to foster, despite Rossetti's indolence an sensuousness, was one of monastic piety and severity. And althoug not doctrinal in their 'religion', they held firmly to the central belie "that there is that in the fact of truth, though it be only in th character of a single leaf earnestly studied, which may do its shar in the great labour of the world."[23] This belief was their commo meeting place, not only with the early Italian painters whom the sought to emulate, but probably also with a group of Christia painters, subsequently known as the "Nazarenes", led by Johan Overbeck and Peter von Cornelius, who worked in Rome from 181 Unlike the Brotherhood, these painters actually lived a life o monastic stringency, and strove to infuse their art with the devo tional spirit of the Middle Ages. They too, therefore, turned fro the opulent worldliness of the Renaissance, symbolized by Raphae and took as their masters the early Italian painters. There is n conclusive evidence from which one might relate the movement historically, but their similarity of motive and method is striking The more so, because the Scottish painter William Dyce visite Rome in 1825, and was so impressed by the work of the Nazarene that from 1827 he practised the 'new' art and spread its principles i England. And it was Dyce, by then a member of the Academy, wh as Ruskin recalled, "dragged me, literally, up to the Millais pictur of 'The Carpenter's Shop', which I had passed disdainfully, an forced me to look for its merits."[24] Dyce's action was at lea:t on of the first steps leading to the impressive support Ruskin shortl afterwards gave to the Movement.

Although none of the more modern Brotherhood felt the need t retire to monasteries, each member, in the words of one contributo to *The Germ*, was inspired, as had been those earlier painters, by desire to "evince his share of faith . . . by a determination to repre sent the thing and the whole of the thing, by training himself to th deepest observation of its fact and detail, enabling himself to repro duce, as far as is possible, nature herself."[25] In a world of swiftl

[22] *The Germ* No. 2, 1850, p. 64.
[23] ibid., 1850, p. 62.
[24] *The Works of John Ruskin* vol. 12, p. XLV.
[25] *The Germ* No. 2, 1850, p. 59.

changing values, then, the artist was to become a priestly custodian of the spiritual perceptions of man. For just as Arnold and Tennyson attempted to approach the Creator through His Nature, from which modern discoveries and thought seemed to have expelled Him, so the Pre-Raphaelites sought to show their piety by the accurate interpretation of the visible world of Nature; for "Truth in every particular ought to be the aim of the artist. Admit no untruth: let the priest's garment be clean."[26]

Some of the Brotherhood, however, regarded the role of custodian as an unnecessary limitation, and were earnestly committed to reforming the contemporary world. Rossetti certainly was not one of these, but on the other hand, Stephens, Hunt and Madox Brown were. Their work was frequently inspired by a reforming zeal, a crusading spirit to purify the souls of men by the accurate treatment of significant subjects in their art. This question of the subject of art, reasonably enough, occupied the attention of the Pre-Raphaelites a good deal. Millais's proposed subject of a hedge had been detailed enough—even involving the virtuoso exhibition of a bird's nest—but remained unattempted largely because of its lack of significance. The piously accurate record of factual detail was the irreplaceable method, but unguided by the 'soul' would have degenerated rapidly into mere dexterity of the 'hand'. These two, which Chiaro, though never deeply concerned with purely natural detail, had united in exemplary fashion, the Victorian zealots welded together in their ornate creations with a characteristic moral earnestness that merged their method and intention in the larger social context, which was the true *milieu* of their revolt.

Typical of this is Madox Brown's 'Work', in the painting of which he had learnt what he hoped its viewers would also learn:

> some experience of the navvy class, and as I have usually found, that if you can break through the upper crust of 'mauvaise haute' which surrounds them in common with most Englishmen, and which, in the case of the navvies, I believe to be the cause of much of their bad language, you will find them serious, intelligent men, and with much of interest in their conversation, which, moreover, contains about the same amount of morality and sentiment that is commonly found among men in the active and hazardous walks of life."[27]

[26] ibid. p. 61.
[27] F. M. Hueffer, *Ford Madox Brown, a record of his life and work* (London, 1896), p. 194.

Moral earnestness is clearly the informing principle here, manifesting itself in a firm belief in the social value of art, and in a wish to make its great humanizing power as pervasive as possible. In the same spirit J. L. Tupper urged that Art, "should be made more directly conversant with the things, incidents, and influences which surround and constitute the living world of those whom Art proposes to improve."[28] And F. G. Stephens deplored the neglect by poets of, "the poetry of the things about us; our railways, factories, mines . . . and the endless novelties and wonders produced every day",[29] and derides the dishonest and impious taste of the public who wander "on a darkling plain" looking "with delight upon murky old masters, with dismally demoniac trees, and dull waters of lead colourless and like ice; upon rocks that make geologists wonder their angles are so impossible, their fractures so new . . . So it is that the world is taught to think of nature, as seen through other men's eyes, without any reference to their own original powers of perception and much natural beauty if lost."[30] Many aspects of the revolt whose nature we have attempted to define are clearly alluded to in this comprehensive criticism. But of prime importance is the underlying implication that the union of "hand and soul" is the only true means of re-educating the "ignorant armies" of the public. For it was the Pre-Raphaelite aim to reveal that 'natural beauty' through their individual perceptions, and their revitalized concern with significant subject and technique. Only by "an entire adherence to the simplicity of Nature"—a central phrase in the prospectus that appeared in each of the four issues of *The Germ*—could the "artist-priest's garment be (kept) clean".

[28] *The Germ* No. 3, 1850, p. 122.
[29] *The Germ* No. 4, 1850, p. 170.
[30] ibid., p. 173.

# THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH IN THE CONGOLESE REPUBLIC

J. VAN ROEY

UNTIL 1959, two European languages were taught in Congolese secondary schools: French, the first language and the medium or the teaching of all subjects, and Dutch (or Flemish), the mother ongue of the majority of the Belgian people.

Anxious constantly to improve the curricula, and in accordance ith the legitimate desire of the Congolese to receive the same eaching as the white rulers, in order to obtain the same certificates nd to hold similar offices, the Belgian authorities adapted the Congolese secondary school curricula to those of the home country, y the Decree of 25 November, 1958. These new curricula, which ame into force during the school year 1959-1960, enabled the Congolese pupils to take up the study of English, even as a second uropean language.

A further step was taken soon after independence. A decree sued on 30 November, 1960, by the Commissioner of National ducation, ordered that "dans toutes les classes des humanités anglais sera imposé comme seconde langue," and almost at the ime time Departments of English were established both at the ovanium University of Léopoldville and at the State University of lizabethville.

These measures, which suddenly open out important new possiilities for the expansion of the English language in Central Africa, ave been cordially welcomed by the Congolese pupils and students. may indeed be said that, in the past, schoolboys and girls had never nown very great enthusiasm for the study of Dutch—which language as felt to serve no real purpose in the Congo—nor, strange as it ay seem, for their own vernaculars. In recent years, on the other nd, the English evening classes, organized by the British and merican consulates in a few big centres, have enjoyed great popurity, and such textbooks as e.g. *L'Anglais sans Peine* have been a ore and more familiar sight in the hands of Congolese students id clerks.

The reasons for this enthusiasm are rather obvious. There is,

first of all, the general phenomenon that in any part of the world educated speakers of a small language appreciate the knowledge of a world language. Furthermore, a number of factors have contributed to the spread and the prestige of English in the Congo: the ever-increasing cultural, diplomatic and business relations of this newly independent state with English-speaking people inside and outside Africa; the establishment of two Universities since 1954, which has led the intellectual *élite* to appreciate the significance of English as a means of scientific information and communication; the internal revolution which has been carried out in many fields since the recent political events.

To put it briefly, there is a strong (and right) feeling among the educated Congolese that, if in addition to French they could acquire English as a means of communication, half the world, so to speak, and the whole of Africa would be open to them.

Considering this basic desire to have an active, speaking knowledge of English, and the undeniable need for it in to-day's Africa, it would be worth allotting a respectable place to this new subject in secondary school curricula, and founding the teaching of it from the start on the sound principles of modern linguistic pedagogy. But this is where a large number of problems come in: the problem of teachers and future teachers, the problem of adequate textbooks and teaching methods.

A small inquiry, carried out in the spring of 1961 in 21 schools (comprising about 2,300 students of English) of the province of Léopoldville, revealed that out of a total of 32 English teachers only 13 were holders of the certificates normally required for performing this task. Since then a small number of British, American or other teachers may have replaced some of those who left the Congo after the events of July, 1960, but this certainly does not change the fact that there is a definite shortage of English teachers—as there is of teachers in general—and that this task is largely entrusted to non-specialists, who are, at this moment, left without any guidance from teachers' associations or even school inspection. For years to come, teachers will necessarily have to be recruited from abroad, with a preference for candidates who have a sound knowledge of French as well. It will, indeed, take at least four or five years before the first Congolese graduates will leave the English Departments at Léopoldville or Elizabethville, in numbers which will certainly not be sufficient to cope with the needs of the ever-increasing secondary school population. The establishment of training schools, from

hich teachers of English for the lower levels of secondary educa-
on will graduate after e.g. a two years' course, is therefore an
rgent matter.

As for the adoption of teaching methods and textbooks, a number
f factors should be taken into account, which have so far been too
uch overlooked in the teaching of European languages (French
nd Dutch) in the Congo, above all the specific socio-cultural and
nguistic backgrounds of the Congolese pupil. Thus the English
xtbook, at present widely used in Congolese schools, is primarily
tended for French-speaking Belgian pupils, using a basic vocabu-
ry of European speakers, and comparing Belgian insititutions and
ays of life with those of the British.

Adapting the socio-cultural background may not be too big a
roblem to future authors of textbooks for the specific use of Congo-
se boys and girls. But if it is true that foreign-language textbooks
nd teaching methods should be "based upon a scientific description
f the language to be learned, carefully compared with a parallel
escription of the native language of the learner",[1] then it might
ove a much more difficult matter to decide to what extent the
nguistic habits of the Congolese pupil are determined by the struc-
re of the native language, and to what extent by the structure of
rench.

In this connection one should bear in mind that the use and the
aching of native languages in the Congo has fallen into the back-
ound in the course of years. In the past, French was progressively
troduced after the very first years of primary instruction, at a rate
nich allowed the pupil to use it as the exclusive means of class
mmunication at the secondary level. These last years the child's
other tongue has sometimes—especially in government schools—
en been completely ignored from the very first year of primary
aching, making French the sole medium for all instruction. As a
rmal result the Congolese pupil, when attaining the level where he
being confronted with a second European language, has acquired
ound knowledge of French, and probably a better theoretical or
nscious knowledge of this language than of his 'mother tongue'.
This has led many to believe that Congolese boys and girls can
nply be taught English along exactly the same lines as French
pils would. However, a few years of personal experience suggest
ut, at least for the teaching of pronunciation, the 'African sub-

1. C. Fries, *Teaching and Learning English as a Foreign Language* (University
f Michigan Press, 1945), p. 9.

stratum' ought to be taken into account. It is probably true that the familiarity with the complex French sound system accounts for greater facility in distinguishing between short and long vowels, or in producing central vowels—things which are said to cause some trouble to students of other African territories. There is no doubt also (to choose only a few examples of French influence in the field of vowels) that the *e* of 'edge' or 'pen' often sounds too closed and comes very near the French *e* in 'bébé', that the *a* of 'valley' or 'happy' often either has a quality very similar to that of French *a* in 'chat', or sounds too closed, as the French sound in 'lait', and that the *o*-sound of 'store' and 'all' is usually pronounced too closed, with the quality almost of the French vowel in 'beau', rather than too open, which seems to be the case in Nigeria or in Ghana. But there is no doubt either that the English of our Congolese learners has many characteristics in common with the 'African English', as it has been described by experts in a few other African territories (e.g. by Harman, Strevens, Christophersen, Siertsema, and Broshnahan). Thus the stress-timed English rhythm, the English stress and intonation systems, as well as the pronunciation of many consonant-clusters and diphthongs, for instance, seem to cause as much trouble to Congolese students as they do to students from Nigeria or Ghana. Indeed, the staccato beat which characterizes many African dialects, the pronunciation of 'judge', 'asks', 'by' and 'say', etc. are amongst the most common difficulties in the production of English utterances.

It is therefore clear that, on the phonological level at least, Congolese learners transfer into the new language characteristics from the vernacular sound system, as well as from the more complex French sound system. Further investigation will be needed to confirm and more fully describe these first observations, and should also be extended to the field of grammar, where the habits of the cognate French system might well prove to be predominant, in order to found the whole teaching of English in the Congo on a linguistically sound basis.

# RECENT PUBLICATIONS

ALLAN QUARTERBRAIN

ALMOST EVERYONE now in his fifties or sixties probably shares with Graham Greene, C. S. Lewis, Henry Miller, and Stuart Cloete boyhood memories of pleasant hours on the road, if not to Xanadu, at least to King Solomon's Mines; and of perfervid encounters with Rider Haggard's 'She'—perhaps the only nudity ever to appear in the 'wholesome' fiction of yesteryear. Professor Morton Cohen, in his study of Rider Haggard* rightly singles out *King Solomon's Mines* and *She* as the best-known and most popular of Haggard's novels, though he seems to regard *Eric Brighteyes* (possibly because of its associations with the highly respectable sagas of Iceland) and Haggard's two volumes on *Rural England* as having literary merit above and beyond the rest of the Haggard *opus*.

Professor Cohen gives no cogent reason for this judgement, and indeed seldom pauses for a close look at any of his material. His study of Rider Haggard is predominantly a biography. He tells us of Haggard's early sojourn in South Africa under the sway of Sir Theophilus Shepstone; retraces what, to South Africans at least, are the much-trodden paths of history subsequent to the Great Trek and preceding the Boer War (Professor Cohen is nothing if not thorough); and follows the rest of Haggard's profitable career in England. Nothing factual is omitted; and little that is penetrating or illuminating is revealed. No one, however, could complain that Professor Cohen has failed in industry. He has given us the whole of Rider Haggard's background, a complete catalogue of what Rider Haggard wanted to do, of the extraordinary amount he managed to get done, of the honours he achieved, of the friendships he made, the women who eluded him, and the woman he failed to elude; of his ancestry among the landed gentry, his passionate retention of acres and status, his attempts at a political career, his books, and his labours on various committees and commissions. In short, Professor Cohen's study is a typical and, in its way, quite admirable exercise of that American industry called Research. As biography, however, it leaves its hero as much of an enigma as if

*'Rider Haggard, His Life and Works*, by Morton Cohen, (London, Hutchinson, 1960.) 327 p.

neither Haggard nor any commentator had ever penned a line. As criticism it is almust null, except for the quite accurate statement that Haggard was not a good writer.

Even this statement is made dogmatically; it is coupled with extracts from reviews and with citations of authoritative opinions, but with almost no extracts from the works judged, and no analysis worthy of the name. These are fair representations of the kind of criticism Professor Cohen does attempt:

(*a*) In Allan Quartermain and Ayesha, Haggard has given us engaging character studies; the scepticism of the one and the mystery of the other, when Haggard manages them deftly and effectively, bring us close to essential verities. (p. 225)

(*b*) But Haggard's writing is more often not of a high quality. His sentence structure is frequently cumbersome and unnecessarily involved, and he repeatedly shows an insensitivity to subtle meanings, usage and rhythm. He is often prolix, and he does not command the variety of words and images he needs to make his prose engaging. He lacks wit almost completely, and his writing, good or bad, is never schooled. Too often he employs personifications . . .

Professor Cohen is more impressive when he attempts the long view. He notices accurately enough that the hero of most of the Haggard romances, no matter how bright in honour and commendable in feeling, is only a puppet, and that the true protagonist is that modest and resourceful fellow, Allan Quartermain—always downstage, and always something of an Odysseus, no matter what his name. I shall revert to him later.

Ayesha, that impossible She, has evidently captured Professor Cohen's imagination. In the endeavour to arrive "at the essential verities" symbolized by this "engaging character", Professor Cohen conducts a rapid review of Fraser's *Golden Bough*, of the morphology of Ishtar and Aphrodite, of legends of the corn-goddess among the Zulus, the Goths, the Assyrians, the Ethiopians, and so on, until he sapiently remarks that " . . . There are many stories in Celtic myths which may have planted the seed of Ayesha in his [Haggard's] imagination." Nor does he spare us a résumé of the "many stories."

After several pages of this, he comes to a highly respectable conclusion:

> Clearly Ayesha is the intermediary between the divine and the human; she is a female Prometheus.

Alas, it is only a false dawn, an illusory *nunc dimittis*, for he mmediately embarks on further voyagings into the realms of netempsychosis and theosophy; into that decadence which, nowadays, is largely the domain of Signor Mario Praz; into the jungles of ung and the fringes of Freud. (All this demonstrates, of course, hat there is culture in America, too.)

The essential clue is in Crashaw's *To His Supposed Mistress:*

> Who ere she be,
> That not impossible She
> That shall command my heart and me;
>
> Where ere she lye,
> Lock't up from mortall Eye,
> In shady leaves of Destiny;
>
> Till that ripe Birth
> Of studied fate stand forth,
> And teach her faire steps to our Earth;
>
> Till that Divine
> *Idaea*, take a Shrine
> Of Chrystall flesh, through which to shine . . . ,

not in Donne somewhere, and in that image which all men build ıt of desire and dread.

As literature, both Crashaw's image and Donne's penetrate an ıpyrean denied to Rider Haggard. Still, the relationship is there, ıd somewhere, dimly, in the minds of most men who were young ıen I was a boy, Ayesha shines and withers in her pall of flame low ıong the frescoes of that temple

> Where blood-begotten spirits come
> And all complexities of fury leave,
> Dying into a dance,
> An agony of trance,
> An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

Yeats too, when one comes to think of it, read *She*, and possibly es an image or two of his *Byzantium* to the spectacle of Ayesha her sacred fire.

There are similarly poetic antecedents for the character and even some of the deeds of Allan Quartermain. To do Professor hen justice, he notices this, and eagerly equates Allan Quarter-

main with Odysseus. The equation does not work out, the difference being that while Homer's Odysseus has a ripe intellect, and no kind of truck with the code of the British *bourgeoisie*, Allan Quatrermain's I.Q. is not remarkably high, and he is always, even under the direct circumstances, minutely observant of the public-school code. He does not kick men when they are down. He succumbs to no Calypso, and he need never wax his ears or rope himself against the sirens. (Odysseus was shrewd enough to leave his own ears unwaxed. Allan Quartermain, it is clear, would have thought Odysseus a dago and a cad.) His and his author's descent from Homer is tenuous in the extreme. But it would be silly to deny that in the fiction of Rider Haggard at its best there are certain Homeric qualities.

Professor Cohen goes out of his way to reproach Haggard for the amount of gore spilt not only in the Quartermain stories but in all the other romances. I doubt, though, whether any of them fail to qualify for a badge of purity nowadays affixed to American comics. Haggard's 'gore' is red but it does not reek; his slain are numerous but they do not arouse pity or terror (at worst their stripped skeletons gleam picturesquely in the moonlight); almost everything that enters a Haggard romance suffers a change into something suitable for the B.O.P.

Haggard himself regarded his own romances with some contempt. He thought of himself as a statesman *manqué* or an unappreciated patriot. At least one thing he has written convinces me that, if he had been so minded, he could have found a niche not far remote from that of Stevenson; at any rate, a literary level considerably above that which he at present occupies. Observe the economy, the humour, the sensitivity, and the irony of

> There was a clock ticking away on the mantelpiece. It seemed to be ticking happiness into my life. I thought this was the greatest hour of my life. I was going out of this place with a hundred quid. But the scratching of that quill pen at my back irritated me. Presently it ceased. I heard the squeaky voice of the man at the desk say: "Mr Haggard if I were you I should take the royalty."*

If Stevenson had had Haggard's experience of Africa, if Haggard had had Stevenson's sensitivity for words, what a pair of tale spinners they would have made! As it is, together with Kipling, Conan Doyle, and Jack London, they presented the innocents of the *fin du siécle* with the stuff of many fantasies. I do not know

**The Days of My Life* (London, 1926), p. 86.

whether to rejoice over this or to consider the possibility that we should all have less to grieve over if Stevenson, Haggard, Kipling and the rest had not drawn a veil between young minds and realities.

For anyone bent on making a fortune with his pen, a less difficult moral results. You have only to plant an Ayesha and masses of instantly convertible treasure in interstellar space, and blast some quarter-witted hero through the constellations in search of both, and you have your fortune ready-made.

Professor Cohen does not draw this moral, but doubtless he got some profit out of his laborious studies. His, however, is not the way to fortune, though it may lead more than one scribbler to a Ph.D.

EDWARD DAVIS

* * *

*The Fall*, by Anthony Delius. Cape Town, Human & Rousseau, 1960. 3p. 1*l*., 76p.

NO DRAMATIST has succeeded in making a tragic hero of a financier. Until recently, no dramatist of stature has ever ıttempted it, except by way of satire and other means remote from ragedy. One need not look twice at the financiers in the plays of bsen, Strindberg, Anouilh, and the like to realize that these fig- nents are nine-tenths *hamartia* and only fractionally sane—not the tuff of tragedy, no matter what disasters befall them, and not ntended to be more than incidental to whatever tragedy is being ›ortrayed.

Perhaps it was because Anthony Delius realized this that in his ›lay about Rhodes he reached out for Olive Schreiner, William ›chreiner, J. H. Hofmeyr, and other characters of a genuinely tragic ast. With such people to work on, there was some hope of investing ‹hodes's fall with the right tragic aura.

But Delius uses them only as chorus to the worried antics of a gment labelled Rhodes, and perhaps recognizable as Rhodes by ıose who know South African history, yet not recognizably a gnificant figure as Delius portrays him.

It may have been good business, even good politics, on the part f Rhodes, not to let his right hand know what his left was doing; › allow Jameson to ride to the 'rescue' of a populace that would reathe fire but eat none, and to buy his way out of the resultant

fiasco; to seek the friendship of a woman like Olive Schreiner, yet to forbid her his house at the first threat of imperilled votes; to win the trust of a liberal spirit like J. H. Hofmeyr, yet to use him only as a pawn in the imperial game. These are the actions of a share-market rigger or of a professional politician, not of a tragic hero.

I do not know whether Rhodes was guilty of such actions or not; but that is beside the point. Delius was content to make them the subject of his mimesis. I still have to work out how it was that *The Fall* avoids satire by almost as wide a margin as it misses tragedy; but I have been given only a limited time to produce this review, and must present my impressions raw. I shall not dwell on the rawness visible in the dialogue of *The Fall*, except to extend my sympathy to Delius. I am certain, however, that a compound of trickery and timidity which Delius presents in Rhodes had no chance of making the grade, not when tragedy is the grade (as is implicit in the title of *The Fall*).

It is true that the diction of *The Fall* is presented as prose. This does not exclude it, in my eyes, from the category of poetry, for by 'poetry' I mean any statement intended to communicate more to the imagination than verifiable facts. I believe that Delius shares this view; but I am by no means sure that he ought to claim for this play the kind of universality which makes poetry transcend history. He makes his William Schreiner say, in an ostensibly modest epilogue:

> But I do not say that he [Rhodes] was anything more than a man to be forgiven, as we all hope to be forgiven.

This is an enormous claim to make. It is the claim that Aristotle makes for the heroes of the greatest tragedies he knew; but it hardly applies to *The Fall*.

There is enough caution, enough cunning, and enough ambition in Delius's Rhodes to make a dozen financiers or politicians; but there is not enough of anything else to make a man of him. Delius should either have recognized in Rhodes a fit subject for satire or have written about him out of a sincere belief in the man's essential humanity. No playwright can hope to make the best of both worlds. Delius's Rhodes begins as a worried man and declines into a lugubrious and despairing one. His 'fall' fails to terrify because Delius could not bring himself (or us) to believe that Rhodes fell from any enviable height.

The prologue (William Schreiner) devitalizes Rhodes from the start:

> He was always glancing toward the mountain—as though he wanted to read or understand it, as another man might try to understand—well—a woman. But I suppose a man can misread a mountain as easily as he can a woman . . .

After this, and after the remarkably uncatastrophic 'fall', the epilogue is salesmanship rather than poetry:

> Nor do I say the story as you have seen it tonight is the whole story. The whole starts with the beginning of time, and goes on to the end of it.

I hope it does not turn out to be a tale told by a Delius—not if Delius persists in inflating themes which (if he looked into himself more clearly) he would recognize as his own *bêtes noires*.

EDWARD DAVIS

* * *

*A Study in Yellow: The Yellow Book and Its Contributors*, by Katherine Lyon Mix. Lawrence, University of Kansas Press, and London, Constable and Co. Ltd. 1960. R4.20 (42/-).

I FIND this work disappointing. Its title raised agreeable anticipations of some evocation of the nineties in London, a breath of the atmosphere which still lingered there along with the last horse-buses and the red plush of the Café Royal in the early years of this century, and indeed still haunted the Café Royal Brasserie beyond the middle 1920's. But Miss Mix's only attempt to recreate the period atmosphere consists of a paragraph in which she characteristically teams a crowd of disparate and unrepresentative elements; cabs, cabmen's shelters, Mrs Pat Campbell and Beerbohm Tree, barrel organs, "children's plays in Hyde Park, and the debacle of Oscar Wilde," "yellow fogs and flickering gas lamps," 'the Diamond Jubilee and Kipling's *Recessional*, Beardsley's genius and *The Yellow Book*;" *and*, muddling a reference in Holbrook Jackson's *The Eighteen Nineties*—to which, incidentally, she owes much—she actually pictures the elegant Vesta Tilley—who in fact acted the young man about town in evening dress, silk-lined cloak and opera hat, with gold-headed cane and cigarette—as singing the boisterous Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, which was indeed the property of the rumbustious Lottie Collins, who thus came to fame—and was, incidentally, much admired by my Oxford tutor !

If indeed, as tradition asserts, "Those were the days," Miss Mix can say with Molière's doctor, "nous avons changé tout cela," for her account of the human environment of *The Yellow Book* is far from rumbustious. Including as she does, not only the few important writers connected with *The Yellow Book* but also the *minimissi*, and the publishers, and sometimes their wives and wives' brothers-in-law, she is led and leads us, ineluctably, into such a sequence of tuberculotics, suicides, and in general, poverty- drink- and drug-afflicted unfortunates, as few literary studies can show, concluding with a chapter of seven pages, describing in necessarily telegraphic detail, the deaths of seventeen of the persons she regards as implicated in some way with *The Yellow Book*, or, in the case of six, the wives of those implicated. Outside the journals devoted professionally to what Miss Mix happily calls "the acknowledgement of mortality," this total of seventeen in seven pages must surely be a record. Nor is this all; within the same pages come two insanities, and one of the deaths was by fire.

Nothing could more clearly show the basic weakness of this work; its almost complete lack of selectivity; its surrender to the card index which broods over it, like some mindless mechanism. To include in this way all who were associated with *The Yellow Book*, however insignificant, was in itself to make it a hopeless undertaking; but in addition, to divide them individually for repetitive treatment in dealing with each of the thirteen volumes of *The Yellow Book*, was to augment enormously the impossibility.

Nor is there any unity of content in the work. The literature of *The Yellow Book* is not touched upon, there is no personal criticism, at best only a very occasional general critical comment taken from some other writer. Biographically, we have only superficial, purely external and generally inconsequent scraps of information, of little if any significance. The gallop through Victorian literature in seven pages has no relevance to anything else in the book, or indeed out of it, beyond suggesting the misuse of a card index again. It wearies the reader, as the incessant, meaningless chatter of the bright, gibbering kind of person one too often meets on social occasions; a continuous stream of fatuous comment. Thus when Zola lectures in London, we learn only that his mistress and two children also came; Mallarmé, we are merely told, "lectured at Cambridge," and Daudet came with a legitimate wife and three children to see Henry James. This, with one or two similar comments, as that Verlaine lecturing in London on "Contemporary

French Poetry" had a very small audience, but "the ten shilling admission was partly to blame," disposes of French influence on the nineties! These extracts are typical of the biographical-literary content of the book.

Literary gossip can, of course, be interesting, amusing and instructive; but it is seldom so in the many extracts from such books in this work. I find only half a dozen amusing anecdotes in its 287 pages. Patmore's tactful reminder to Mrs Meynell that her fire was low, is delightful: "With your permission, Mrs Meynell, I will procure my topcoat from the hall, and then return." Even more delightful is Max Beerbohm's fear that Mrs Meynell would in time "become a sort of substitute for the English Sabbath." Exquisitely silly too, for those who can visualize it—Max should have caricatured it—is the incident of Gosse at one of his receptions mistaking the youthful-looking Lionel Johnson for a friend of his small son, and sending him to play with him in the garden. Then here is Henry James's grateful entry in his diary that, at a party, Stopford Brooke had given him "two little ideas"! Less genial was Wilde's witticism on Shaw: "Poor dear Shaw! Nice man, Bernard. He's got no enemies, but his friends don't like him." Like so many of Wilde's clever comments, however, it probably had much truth. But these stories make one look with envy at the long bibliography of fascinating memoirs, wishing for the time to read those as yet unread and to reread the many that are familiar.

Of errors, casually noticed while reading, the following deserve attention: The Pre-Raphaelites were by no means concerned only with the past, nor did *The Germ* "give the movement form and permanence" [p. 4]. I know of no authority for the statement that yellow was a favourite colour of Rossetti, who in fact once stated his colour preferences as:

> (1) Pure light warm green, (2) deep gold colour, (3) certain tints of grey, (4) shadowy or steel blue, (5) brown, with crimson tinge, (6) scarlet. Other colours (comparatively) only lovable according to the relations in which they are placed.

Nor was the Mrs Patmore of 1892, "the Angel in the House." The "Angel" was Patmore's first wife, who had died thirty years before; and he had married twice afterwards [p. 19]. To describe her as Ruskin's disciple [p. 5] (again a misunderstanding of Jackson's *The Eighteen Nineties*) is quite misleading, and suggests that the writer's knowledge does not extend beyond Jackson's

reference. Gosse told me that William Bell Scott introduced him to Rossetti just as he relapsed into his mental illness; which was in 1872. He did not see much of Rossetti at any time, and Rossetti's letters to and about Gosse suggest that he did not wish for his company. I therefore doubt entirely that Gosse "spent rapt hours listening to the poet's conversation" [p. 217], nor, if Miss Mix means "Swinburne's"—for the sentence is ambiguous, do I believe it either. I do not believe that London was afraid of Rimbaud in 1930. It certainly was not in the twenties [p. 235].

The excellent index, incidentally, clearly reveals the unfortunate patchwork method adopted for the work. It is this discontinuity, as well as the absence of literary matter and criticism, and the presence of so much superficial patter, that spoils a work which has obviously required much patient searching and patch-working and card-indexing. Where the authoress gets a chance of a slight continuity, as with Henry James for example, we get a readable page or two, though never beyond the limits of superficial factual comment. But even within the limits of mere factual commonplace Miss Mix could have made a useful Biographical Dictionary, alphabetically arranged, of *The Yellow Book* circle. Her method as much as her matter, indeed even more so, is against her. The aroma of the thesis hangs over the book. It is the thesis trying also to be civilized and literary, and falling between the two stools. Her gratitude to her several professors is very heartfelt in her preface. But too many professors, like too many cooks, may sometimes spoil the broth, and it is well for a writer, if she have the matter in her, to stand on her own feet. If she have not, it is better to desist. With a more appropriate subject and method, Miss Mix could, I believe, write an interesting book.

O. DOUGHTY

* * *

*The Autobiography of Thomas Whythorne*, ed. by James M. Osborn. Clarendon Press, 1961. lxv, 328 pp. R4.50 (45s.)

CLAIMED as the "first English autobiography," this is a 'rare' production, scholarly in its editing and without pedantry in the presentation. Thomas Whythorne was more than a teacher of the gittern, the virginals and the lute; he was a composer of songs and madrigals, a minor poet with a major interest in fitting words and topical sentiments to music, a musicologist, a trustworthy analyser of his own motives, and an intelligent commentator on his times. The accounts of his many cautious, but harmless, amours, are as intriguing as those of Samuel Pepys a century later; the notes on contemporaries are more reliable than those of John Aubrey, yet penned with the same verve and gossipy interest. In short, the style is uniquely simple and direct, in an age when prose could be both prolix and obscure. Here is a sample (with the orthography modernized):

> What do I mean now, thus to travail and beat my brains about this matter? Do I not daily see how they who set out books be by their works made a common gaze to all the world, and hang upon the blasts of all folks mouths, and upon the middle finger pointings of the unskilful? . . . We are not born into this world altogether for ourselves, but to do good in our professions and to our abilities in every way. I say to do good to others as much as we may, and not to live as drones and caterpillars that live altogether upon the sweat of others' brows; also we ought not to hide our talents under the ground as the unprofitable servant did, lest we be found fruitless figtrees . . . (pp. 174-6).

The manuscript, in a clear and legible hand, was not difficult to decipher, having been transposed, with minor inconsistencies, into the orthography of John Hart, the grammarian, whose logical theories about the normalization of English spelling on phonetic principles were evidently not lost upon one disciple. The uniform adoption of this code by a single writer is, in itself, an important linguistic experiment, and it is heartening to know that a book is soon to appear on this aspect. The autobiography turned up under unusual circumstances, when in 1955 Major H. C. H. Foley of Stoke Edith, Hereford, handed a box of legal and business papers to Sotheby's in London for sorting prior to sale. The four-hundred-year-old manuscript, whose origin was unknown even to Major

Foley, turned up at the bottom of this consignment. It consisted of 90 folio leaves, and was acquired by purchase by the present editor, who generously presented it to the Bodleian Library, Oxford. About one quarter of the autobiography is in verse.

The importance of the find is that it covers a period of literary and social history, the reigns of Henry VIII to Queen Elizabeth I, about which there is little direct contemporary evidence as reliable as Whythorne's. He started his career, after a few years at Oxford, in the service of no less a person than John Heywood, the interlude writer, a leading literary figure in the court circle of Henry VIII; in his maturity he was engaged by Archbishop Parker to take a hand in the rejuvenation of Church psalmody—a task for which Whythorne was admirably suited, because of his Protestant leanings and devoutly religious mind. A large portion of the diary is, in fact, taken up with the demonstration of Christianity as a practical way of life and a present refuge for people like Whythorn, who had no other security to hold fast to. Religious citation, from the saints as well as the prophets and apostles, is cunningly blended with proverbial wisdom, a fund of which he learnt from Heywood, and used with an eye to the popular fancy of the time, much as John Florio did in his *First Fruites*. Whythorne's object is to show that men who live by their wits can also be men of principle. Though the moralizing tends to become trite and tedious, the taste for it is typical of the religious stability of the times. Whythorne has the mind and habits of a scholar, for he cites Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Plutarch, Plato, Aristotle, St Ambrose, St Augustine, Chaucer, Castiglione and various translators of the Scriptures with equal facility. There was clearly not much in the way of practical thinking to keep old Catholics and new Protestants apart, except the book of Common Prayer and undivided allegiance to the Crown.

Among the more interesting assignments that fell to Whythorne was a private tutorship to a gentleman's son at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained for two years. During this time (in 1557, on the occasion of a visit of the Catholic Queen Mary) the body of the late Protestant Professor of Divinity, Martin Bucer, was exhumed and burnt in the market-place, to the accompaniment of much undignified pamphleteering by the partisan dons. Not only did Whythorne participate in satirical verse against the papists, but he introduced into his journal a long but interesting discourse on the Catholic belief in Purgatory, which he maintains lacks support in the Scriptures. He acquired at Cambridge a great respect

for learning, and an equal contempt for academic pretension and protocol.

But perhaps the most fruitful of all Whythorne's introspections are those that record the occasion and source of his emotional experiences, as they mature into poems. However conventional they may be, the songs (or sonnets, as he loosely calls them) were sparked off by some incident in his daily affairs that caused him joy or perturbation, usually the latter. As the editor justly observes, we may conclude from this that conventional modes of expression do not necessarily imply artificial emotion, but may disguise a real ferment in the soul of the poet. The deliberate ambivalence of language, as Whythorne also makes clear, is often a device to keep the recipient (and subject) of the poem not only guessing, but in a condition of suspended emotional animation.

On internal evidence, the editor has dated the writing of the autobiography at about 1576, when Whythorne was 48 years of age and not yet married. The self-revelation resulted from a gentleman's agreement with an unknown friend, who had initiated an exchange of confidences, and would thus cover some thirty years of the musician's life, commencing with his apprenticeship to John Heywood. From an early age, under the guidance of an uncle in holy orders, he endeavoured to practise the precepts of wisdom, which he copied into his daybook as carefully as his own and other men's poems. He was always examining himself for the evidence of pride, and even excuses the occasional indulgence of employing a portrait painter. The poem *Of Humility* may be regarded as typical of the end-stopped verse and didactic thoughts of Whythorne:

He doth well know his own weakness
That is of lowly' and humble mind,
He covets not to know or guess
More than the Lord hath him assigned,
He feareth God and doth confess
That from Him cometh all goodness.

He look'th not high but down below
And doth not laugh without great cause,
Many vain words he doth not show,
But soft and sweet be all his saws,
He nothing doth but with good grace
And pride in him can take no place.

God dwelleth with the humble man,
He honour'd is of more and less,
His name they never curse nor ban,
But rather they the same do bless,
And he alone the fruit shall gain,
Though humbleness procure him pain.

As a scholar placing music in a key position in the liberal arts or sciences, Whythorne is at pains to show how important is his subject and how responsible the tutor ought to be. He obviously thought deeply on the function of reason in its relation to faith; and one of his most valuable discourses is, therefore, that which distinguishes wit and wisdom:

> Here methinks you would demand of me what difference I think to be between wit and wisdom . . . Wit is a thing that cometh by nature, wherewith according to the sharpness or dulness thereof, we do conceive and understand all things that we do see or hear, and also whereby we do imagine and invent things both good and evil; but of itself it is rather prone to evil than goodness, and therefore in that consideration, it ought to be ruled by reason. Now, sir, wisdom is a great good gift of God, sometime sent by inspiration, and so taught by such means as He hath appointed and assigned, whereby we do judge the good from the evil, and also exercise the good and reject the devil . . . man can do nothing without will, and without reason man can do no good thing (pp. 71-74).

It would be wrong to dismiss Whythorne as a humdrum moralist, ransacking the sermons of his time to divert men from miseries and disorders. He seems to have led a happy, if somewhat disillusioned, life. His account of music in England and on the Continent just before Shakespeare is one of the fullest and most valuable that exists, and his reflections on the state of contemporary Italian culture can be usefully set beside those of Sir Thomas Hoby. Finally, there is the man himself, laid bare without reserve—a personality human and honest, though not perhaps of the first creative order. A more complex character would have been less likely to leap the barriers of traditional Renaissance reticence and provide the world with so intimate a self-portrait.

A. C. PARTRIDGE

* * *

*he English Language in Modern Times*, by M. Schlauch. Warsaw, 1959. Distributed outside Poland by the Oxford University Press. xii, 316 pp. R3.00 (30s.).

ROFESSOR Margaret Schlauch, Head of the Department of English Philology in the University of Warsaw, was educated, nd taught for most of her life, in the United States. Her previous ork, *The Gift of Tongues*, showed a knack of perceptive selection hich some historians of language do not possess. The present ook, covering the structural development of English for five and half centuries, from Chaucer, is compiled with the needs of uni- rsity students in mind. The blurb on the dust-jacket contains e following: "The author has remembered that most students English philology are primarily interested in literature." If this true of modern students of English on the Continent, it is a ealthy sign. But it is even more salutary to find a professor of ilology who is willing to give so much space in a history of the nglish language to the relationship of syntax and style, and the rt both have played in the changing pattern of English education. In a short survey of this kind, the findings are bound to be sed on conclusions already established by the scholarship of blished research. But merely to make a coherent picture of the gmentary information, with so many gaps still to be filled in pecially for the 15th century), is an achievement. It is fairest, hink, to assess the book as a guide for educated laymen. But, fortunately, it has patches of technical jargon that will tend to wilder the unitiated. Here is a sample:

> It [L. Kellner's *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, London, 1892] suffers obviously from a failure to take into account suprasegmental morphemes such as intonation and types of junctive between segments of sentences (p. 43, footnote).

e date of Kellner's work makes it equally obvious that his ilure" is not a matter of neglect, but of *unawareness* of the pro- ms, certainly in the terms here used by Professor Schlauch. e fact is that Kellner did some pioneering work, which has not n adequately followed up. Until we know more of the tentative l experimental steps subordination took in the structure of the nplex English sentence, between Chaucer and Spenser, the know- ge of how we came by our acceptable formulations in the age of rectness (the eighteenth century) will remain a matter of guess-

work. How much there still remains to be done is admirabl demonstrated by Professor Schlauch in Chapters II to V of he book.

Among the more interesting complications of style to which th author draws attention are the attempts at distinguishing "levels i structural usages" made by the greater authors, such as Chaucer Shakespeare and Jonson, to suit the speech of different orders o types of society. This may have been a legacy of Latin textbook of rhetoric, which "distinguished three levels of discourse: lofty medium and lowly." By Shakespeare's time these gradings were respectively, (*a*) courtly-professional class, (*b*) educated middle clas and (*c*) rural or vulgar. With the less discriminating writer, Pro fessor Schlauch points out, the language of dialogue was "passe through a kind of literary screening to eliminate dialect, colloqu alisms and vulgarisms", and this gives to their dialogue a less co ourful effect.

Of the important formative authors of the fifteenth and earl sixteenth centuries, Malory and Caxton have received adequat attention, but popular drama, the *Paston Letters* and Sir Davi Lindsay's *Pleasant Satire of the Three Estates* have not. The valu of works of the latter type, argues Professor Schlauch, is that the style has not been bedevilled by those bugbears of natural compos tion, the handbooks of rhetoric. When seen in the light of the rules of eloquence, the flourishing vernacular English was too ofte unjustly described as 'barbarous'. As Tyndale pointed out, Biblic translation alone was sufficient to give that accusation the lie.

What was clearly an intelligent stylistic development came fro the Elizabethan and Jocobean dramatists in their varied use verse and prose for the speeches of characters unmistakeably the courtier class. The tone of their utterances in verse remain courtly and dignified; but under different social circumstance they would tend to switch to prose, of less formality and great tightness and directness—the prose of the educated citizen clas rather than the portentous courtier. Hamlet's different speeche as Professor Schlauch rightly points out, are examples of this intel gent adaptability.

The age of correctness is less fully dealt with, though it is shov that objections to any form of legislative control of the langua by an academy, were argued even by the Great Cham, Dr Johnso The least satisfactory treatment, because it attempts too much, in the last chapter 'The English Language Today'. It also contai

notable inaccuracies about the growth of English in South Africa; for instance:

> In South Africa, English rule replaced that of Dutch colonists as a result of the Boer War (1899-1901), and the English language became pre-eminent over Afrikaans (the forms of Netherlandish spoken there) and the native African languages, though both survive (p. 206).

As an example of unintentional understatement, this would take a lot of beating; but somehow it mollifies the erroneous date of the coming of English to South Africa, which was at the end of the eighteenth century. But worse is the following:

> Reporters of the Boer War began the borrowing of words from Dutch as spoken in South Africa (Afrikaans), for instance: trek, voortrekker, spoor, veld, kraal (p. 211).

A glance at the *Oxford English Dictionary* and its *Supplement* of 1932 would have shown that these words were used extensively in English contexts nearly a century *before* the Boer war, having been introduced by English travellers such as Lady Anne Barnard, Burchell, Barrow, Campbell and others. But it has to be admitted that the facts of South African English are not readily available in works of reference, and it is time that this deficiency was removed.

A. C. PARTRIDGE

* * *

*The Mirror of Philosophers*, by Martin Versfeld. London, New York, Sheed and Ward, 1960. 301 p.

THIS BOOK, as its title suggests, is a book of philosophy. It is the *journal métaphysique* of a Catholic thinker. At certain points Professor Versfeld touches upon literature; and it is only these points that I propose to discuss. The review of the book as a whole I must leave to the philosophical journals.

It is perhaps to be expected that a book which is devoted to making clear certain philosophical viewpoints will use the works of literature that it refers to as supports for a thesis. A literary critic —a person who makes it his profession to surrender himself imaginatively to those pieces of writing which seem to repay such a

surrender, and to describe what he has discovered—would be foolish to regard as invalid every comment on a work of literature which does not form a part of a description of the full complexity of that work. Indeed, he must know that many valuable literary-critical remarks have been tossed off in books which were not directly concerned with literature at all. But a critic is justified in complaining if he feels that a work of literature has been *used* in such a way that its essential and distinctive value has been distorted or slighted. In other words, he may insist that a philosopher must understand the work he is referring to—he must have surrendered himself fully to it—if he is to claim the right to pick out certain facets of it for his philosophical ends. For a work of literature can only be said to exist, fully and properly, in the mind and heart of an open and attentive reader; a reference to it by someone who has not allowed it to work fully upon him is a reference to something other than what the writer wrote.

Professor Versfeld's remarks about literature are never without value; but some of them must, I think, incur the critic's complaint. In a chapter on *Doctor Faustus*, for example, he says that "to understand it, it is essential to remember that it was written by a student of theology at a university in which the medieval tradition was alive." A literary critic may raise his eyebrows at the suggestion that *Doctor Faustus* is so much in need of "background information"; but many of the points that Professor Versfeld makes illuminate his thesis and may add to our understanding of the play. Yet one must object when he opens his comments on the magnificent lines

> Stand still, you evermoving spheres of heaven
> That time may cease and midnight never come

by saying

> To anybody acquainted with scholastic philosophy his words immediately evoke the Christian adaptation of Aristotle according to which time is the mode of existence of contingent beings, contingent because they are created.

Most readers and watchers, of course, would not think of any such thing; and it is arguable that explicitly indulged-in thoughts about scholastic philosophy may be a serious encumbrance to one's appreciation of the play. Yet Marlowe *is* perhaps discovering here what Aquinas had discovered earlier, and Professor Versveld would have every right to make his point, if the lines in question mean

little more than what he implies. But Faustus's cry is one which the reader, for all his awareness of Faustus's fault, has great sympathy with. In the impossible contradictions of "stand still" and "ever-moving", of "time" and "cease" and of "midnight" and "never come", we are brought face to face not only with Faustus's foolish lack of reasonableness, but also with the tragic sadness of his dilemma. We have known or half-known what fate will come upon Faustus; but when it does come we are astonished to find how terrible it is and how deeply we share Faustus's suffering. We are moved by his desire to be free from time precisely because his desire is so human. As we read the quoted lines, then, we make also another, more frightening discovery: we find that time itself is unreasonable and brutal. Certainly we are very far from that mood of intellectual self-possession which is suggested by the act of recognizing "the Christian adaptation of Aristotle". Indeed, the reaction that these two lines invite is so radically different from Professor Versfeld's that we are forced to conclude that his comments are based upon a distortion of their meaning.

It is very difficult to extract philosophical formulations from a work of art without at least partly destroying that complex uniqueness of thought and feeling which alone gives the work its value and power. Towards the end of his book Professor Versfeld says:

> Perhaps the most heart-rending line in Shakespeare is Lear's "And my poor fool is hanged!" I regard this as Shakespeare's final expression of the theme of woman as co-redemptrix.

The context makes it clear what this means: it is a not uninteresting comment on the role of Cordelia. But surely such a manner of expression, such a confident annexation of this marvellously worded play by the accepted terms of an orthodoxy (no matter how true the content of that orthodoxy may be), has the effect of making the play a little less exciting.

I have concentrated my attention upon instances of those aspects of Professor Versfeld's book which seemed especially to call for comment. Many of his brief references to literature—for example, his references to Dante, to Vondel, to Dostoievsky and to Tennyson —are valuable.

C. O. GARDNER

* * *

*The Festival*, A Play, by H. W. D. Manson. Cape Town, A. A. Balkema, 1959, 88 p. R2.10 (£1 1s. 0d.)

IT IS INTERESTING to come across something that was written in South Africa but does not choose South Africa for its scene and does not demand a specifically South African interpretation. *The Festival*, indeed, takes place in a country that is as undocumented as the Britain of *King Lear* or the Bohemia of *The Winter's Tale*.

It is a play about the value of imaginativeness or of the imagination. It depicts especially the way in which bold imaginativeness can lead to what Yeats called the casting out of remorse: although the play is often sad, its underlying emotion, and the emotion which springs to the surface in the last act, is a cathartic, strangely religious joy.

Two people—Duke Brandel and Queen Isabel—are as it were dreamed back to life some three centuries after their death; and by an exciting interchange of passionate rebukes and generous self-accusations, and then by re-enacting the fatal scene, they come to terms with each other and with the series of events which, in a sense, undid them both. As the conflict between Brandel and Isabel unfolds, the audience gets a clearer and clearer picture of what exactly happened—of what caused Brandel to fall to his death at the bottom of a ravine, and of why Isabel passed the rest of her life in dogged despair—and at the same time we come to see how tragic may be the irreconcilability of two astonishingly different approaches to life. The deep-rooted and deeply felt disagreement shows itself to be, for all the particularity it is given, an archetypal one: an heroic and adventurous man confronts a sensitive woman who does not wish to be a heroine.

In presenting themselves before us, Brandel and Queen Isabel and King Edmund (who is there too, but he is too small of heart to participate fully in the central conflict) seem to take on the bodies of three other noble people, people who are living at the time the play represents and who find themselves in a situation in some ways similar to that of their predecessors of three centuries earlier. The mysterious (and mysteriously convincing) re-enactment which makes it possible for the three ghosts at last to sleep in peace communicates its liberating joy also to the three people who have, while asleep, given up their bodies so that the re-enactment can take place. (In fact it is the poetic skill of Robert the Bard—in whose voice Brandel

speaks—which makes the play-within-a-play possible.) Finally the living people, together with some of the Bard's friends, make a festival in order to proclaim the joy that has flowed and has begun to transform their lives.

As this brief outline suggests, *The Festival* is an intricate and ambitious play. But, in the opinion of this reviewer, it is profoundly successful. At every point the writer has gone about his work with complete poetic seriousness. Mr Manson's writing is clean, vivid, powerful: emotion and thought are given precision and cogency and force. And the movement of the piece is at every moment dramatic: the many problems that are set in motion before our eyes are made intensely human and concrete.

Here, in conclusion, as an example of the play's texture (though of course the very act of wrenching a fragment from its context destroys much of its meaning), is a part of Brandel's attempt to explain to Isabel his way of looking at life. His appeal for imaginativeness is impressively strong and yet wonderfully gentle:

> No, you look at me with eyes that see my mind
> As some grand rock or mountain
> And hear my words as if they were steep screes
> That slither away into a senseless mist,
> Or soar like cliffs
> And hide themselves in rolling fog—unreal—all quite
> unreal.
> But look at me I beg you honestly, look.
> It's true that part of me looks down on mankind,
> Yet try to see what I see, Isabel, from where I stand.
> The man in the valley sees his farm,
> He cannot see so falsely
> Nor can he see as far
> As I who look down on his valley.
> The quince in the hedge is yellow to-day
> Which a month ago was green.
> The rutted lanes are denser now,
> Maybe the wheat fields are bronzer-gold,
> And here and there more scarlet-headed poppies show
> Than a week ago.
> A little back from where I watch him
> His orchard trees once stood like spectres in the snow
> Though now they spread their shade
> Of lusty leaf and apple, red above his head.

He hears his own hives murmur.
To me the whole sweet valley hums.
I cannot live in such simplicity,
But I am false? Thoughts and theories only, Isabel?

C. O. GARDNER

* * *

*The Poet's Circuits:* Collected Poems of Ireland by Padraic Colum. Oxford University Press, 1960.

FEW HAVE WRITTEN quietly about modern Ireland. Not many writers have been able to consider her calmly: Joyce's Gorgon glare of retrospect and passionately selfish precision on the one hand and, on the other, the rosy reminiscing of the third-generation, transatlantic Celt and the plangent wailings of a Lady Dufferin. Look for something between these extremes and what will you find? Yeats's impatience at the "seeming needs of my fool-driven land" and his nostalgic flights to other Irelands safely embalmed by time; Synge's gallant attempts to put on the stage a life he loved, but did not understand.

Sometimes a writer has come who has been of Ireland, and has written quietly and surely of a country that he knows too well for condemnation, impatience or bravura. I think of Daniel Corkery's fine novel *The Threshold of Quiet*. It is of Corkery that I am reminded by the poems under review. Padraic Colum's gentle and genuine talent is used to tell of the people and happenings of the Irish country-side. To be sure, the fifth section of the book is called 'The Town' but this is the small, country town, the centre to which the country people come to buy and sell and to haggle at horse-fairs. The poems scarcely mention urban Ireland and, when they do, it is to reject it in favour of the freedom and spaciousness of the country-side, as in *The Beggar's Child:*

Mavourneen, we'll go far away
From the net of the crooked town
Where they grudge us the light of the day.

Colum explains the title of his collection. In medieval Ireland, he tells us, a poet would sometimes leave his own canton and travel through others, giving recitals, meeting other poets, visiting bardic schools. Such circuits, Colum tells us, would be territorial, but they

would also be made through areas of occupations and interests. He arranges his book to form what he calls a saga of eight circuits. For his starting-point he takes The House, for, he says, the traditional has its centre there. His progress takes him to fields and roads and glens, to the people of the roads and into the houses along the way. The last circuit attempts a review of history and of the passing away of various orders that were once established.

Padraic Colum began his career as a writer for the theatre. Synge's junior by a decade and one year older than Joyce, he was one of the group that formed the National Theatre Society. His play *Broken Soil* (later called *Fiddler's House*) appeared in 1903, the year which produced Synge's *In the Shadow of the Glen. Broken Soil* was followed in 1905 by *The Land,* and in 1910 *Thomas Muskerry* was acted by the Abbey Company. His theatrical training shows in his poems, many of which are, as he says himself, "dramatic lyrics arising out of character and situations." His poems are full of movement, of people travelling, talking, plying their trades. Basket-makers weave for us, honey-sellers cry their wares; this book is bustling and busy with the life of a country-side.

Colum experiments with many metres and a wide variety of stanza forms and is clearly much influenced, rhythmically, by poetry in the Irish language. Some of the poems in this book are, in fact, translations from the Irish. In these he captures beautifully the rhythms of the originals. The swinging music of the Irish poem *Conndae Mhuigheo*, for instance, is delightfully reproduced in the translation on page 69 which is the opening poem of the fourth Circuit. This is a considerable feat but Colum shows himself a skilled craftsman throughout the book, invariably getting his effects unobtrusively and moving easily through a wide variety of modes. How subtly, with the alteration of one tiny word, he sums up what he wants to say in *The Toy Booth* (p. 96):

> How strange to think that she is still inside
> After so many turns to the tide—
> Since this lit window was a dragon's eye
> To turn us all to wonder coming nigh—
> Since this dim window was a dragon's eye!

The book is full of interest for those familiar with the work of Colum's famous contemporaries. They will sometimes be reminded of Yeats by Colum's effective use of proper names and his conversational tone. Sometimes the similarity will be one of both thought

and phrase, as in the closing lines of *The Hearthstone and the Loom* (p. 136):

> We'd see in every age if we went back,
> Some heritage destroyed or else forsaken,
> And we would know how change makes way for change.

There is an occasional Synge-like handling of syntax as in *The Market-Place* (p. 86):

> And there ended
> His discourse and his task: he got his shillings
> And I the withied shape was to my liking.

Colum's distinctive voice is heard most clearly, I feel, in the exquisite little lyric pieces by which I first came to know him, poems like *Drover* with its Keatsian close and the small and very lovely *Cradle Song* ("O men from the fields!") The quite, self-effacing nature of this fine poet's talent is movingly conveyed by the story told by J. L. Sweeney in the Introduction to *The Collected Poems of Padraic Colum*, which was published in New York by Devin-Adair in 1953. Sweeney tells how at least one of Colum's poems has so surely acquired the status of folk-song that it has been 'collected' as such. This is the well-known *She Moved Through the Fair* which is sung to an air composed by the late Herbert Hughes. What greater praise for a poet, asks Sweeney, than the large and loving embrace of such anonymity? Certainly it is given to few to intrude themselves so little between the thing and the telling of it. Padraic Colum's voice is ever soft, gentle and low, as excellent a thing in poet as in woman.

J. I. CRONIN

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